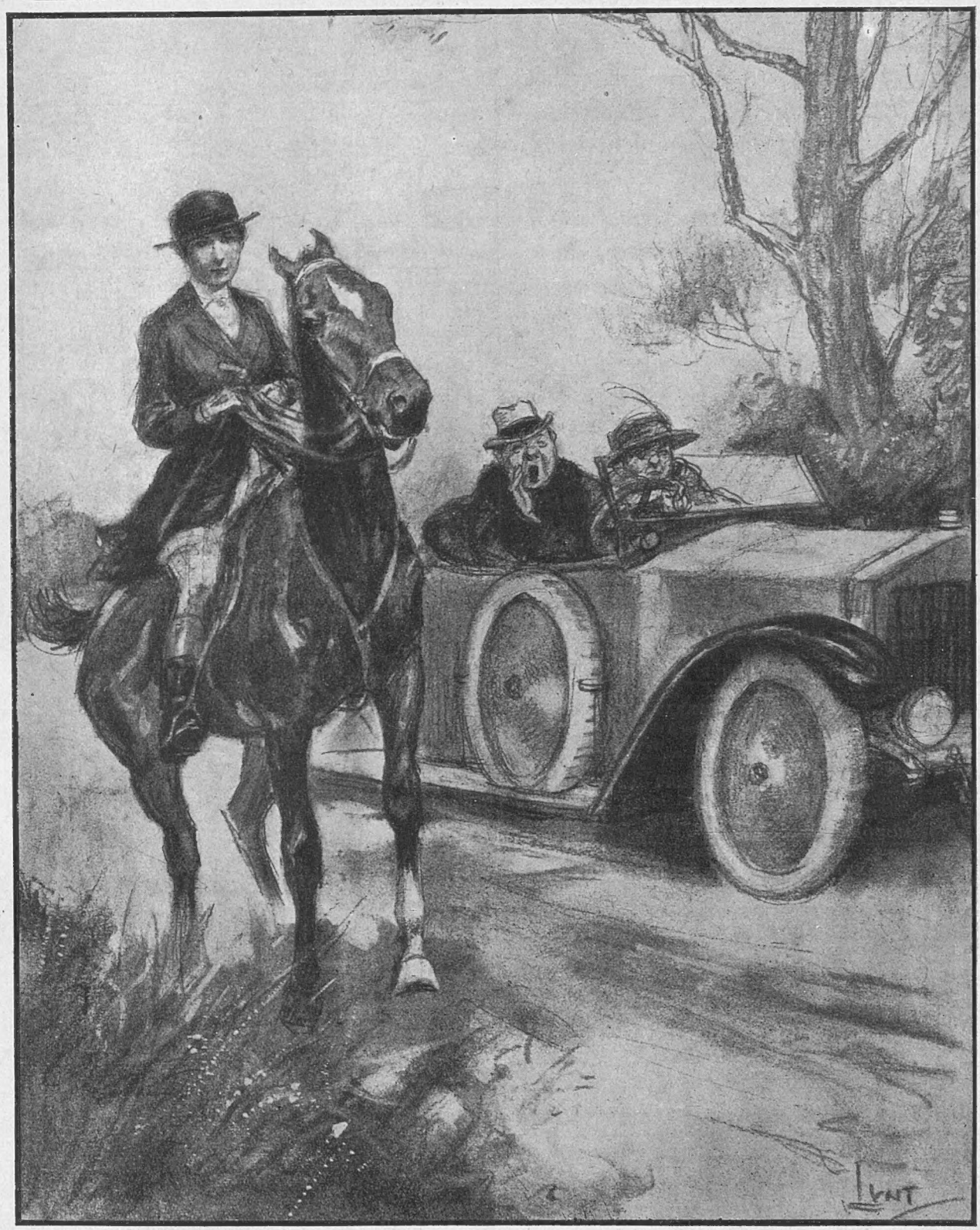
The Bystander, October 15. 1919. No. 828. Vol. LXIV.

The BYSTANDER



SOME ERROR!

SHORT-SIGHTED "NOUVEAU RICHE": "Hullo! young man! Will this 'ere road take us to where the 'ounds meet, eh?"

BY WILMOT LUNT

ENTERTAINMENTS

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Animals and the Strike.

The Council of the R.S.P.C.A. desire to thank the hundreds of humane men and women who came forward at once to help the Society's Inspectors and others all over the Kingdom to tend and feed the horses of the Railway Companies and to assist in liberating and looking after the animals, poultry, &c., abandoned on the various railway lines. The Council hope that, in cases when the R.S.P.C.A. armlets were issued, the possessors will keep them as a memento of the strike.

E. G. FAIRHOLME.
Chief Secretary.

ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS,
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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Bill Gawber Orates

"'ERE," remarked Bill, hoarsely, "d'yer 'appen to know if the list of blokes as invented the tanks is closed finerly like? 'Cos if it ain't all I 'as to say is this 'ere. Jest arter the War started I was ,avin' one with ole 'Erb, and I sez to 'im, I sez, 'Erb, I sez, wot's the good of an armoured car, I sez, if it ain't got enough armour on? 'Ear, 'ear, sez 'Erb. Well, we got talkin'—and three years 'adn't passed before we got tanks."

"Oh? very interesting. Only, Bill, you did no more than talk."

"'Oo, the (gory locality), said I did? Course I talked. An' it got about. If yer asks me, I 'ad the idea like. Then Winston pinched it orf me. And some cove pinched it orf Winston. An'—'ow many of 'em are in it?"

"Oh, about 47,000."

"Don't cher make game of me. I wants the reward."

"I'm sorry for you, Bill, but by the time this is printed the Courts will have decided who thought of tanks, and I'm afraid it won't be you."

After a gloomy pause, Bill remarked, "Same ole game. Doin' the pore workin' man, 'oo's for Peace, every time, out o' the first (purple) profit he might get out o' the War. I tell yer straight, it gives me the fair sick. I'll 'ave ter take ter physical force like that Dannunzier."

On Poets

"WHO?" I asked, incredulously.

"I said Dannunzier, the Italian ice-cream merchant as 'as pinched Fiume, and tells his Guv'ment ter 'op it, 'im and his pals being thumbs up."

"Oh, you mean d'Annunzio! My dear chap, you mustn't back him up. All the London papers are against him and say——"

"Oh, 'old yer row. Wot do I keer wot the (boiled) London papers say? I wipes me boots on 'em, see? Wot I sez is this 'ere: that Dannunzier is up agin some Coalishern like me an' you. I wants Fiume, 'e sez. Yer can't 'ave it, sez the Guv'ment. Well, I got it, sez Dannunzier, as he toasts his toes in the Fiume Town 'All. 'Op it, sez the Guv'ment! 'Op it yerself, sez Dannunzier. And there yer are. 'Ar, if my trade union could get 'old o' that ice-cream man——"

"Sorry to interrupt you, Bill, but d'Annunzio is not an ice-cream merchant; he's a poet."

"A pote!" whispered Bill. And, in horrified tones, "A Pote! A (pink) pote! Why that ain't a man. A pote—why that ain't more'n condensed gas. I bin taken in. The other day it was a (scorched) pianist, Padderusty, they call him, as was made President of somewhere. An' now it's potes! Well yer can give him a message from Bill Gawber: If Dannunzier don't soon 'op it, you be sure Dannunzier'll cop it."

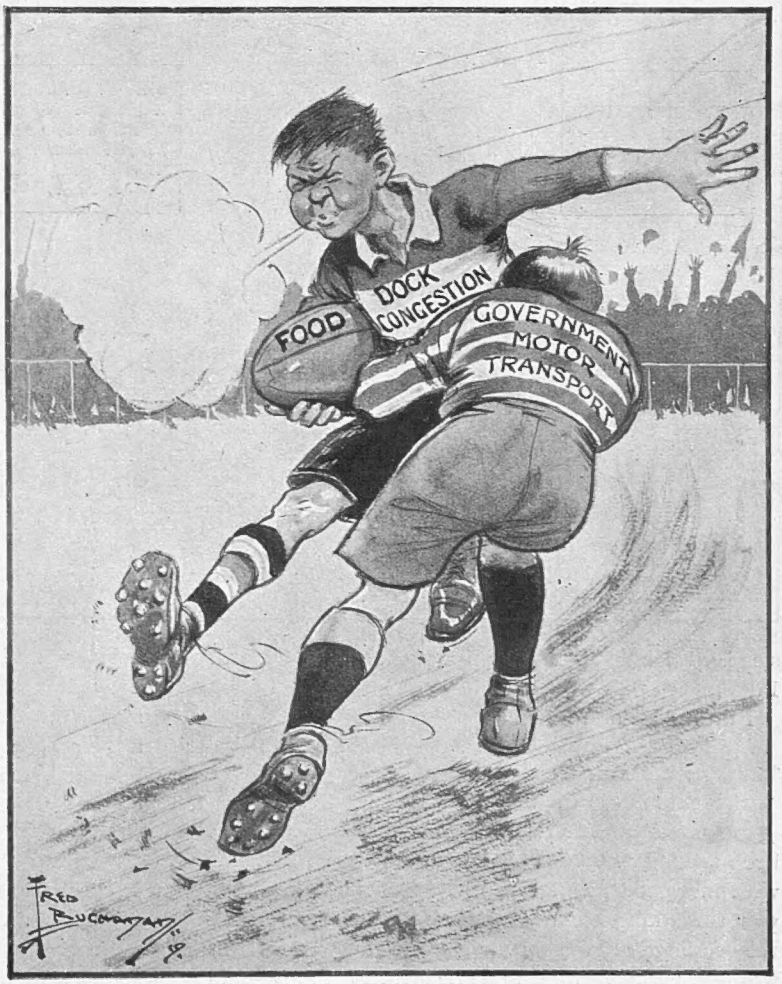
On Oxford

"I WILL transmit your winged rhymes, O, son of Shelley. But I did not know you had poetry in your soul."

"Yer didn't know me when I was courtin' Mrs. Gawber. I used ter make up a lot o' silly talk about 'er being a (purple) creeper round me 'eart. Same as if I'd bin ter Oxford."

"Sometimes I wish you had been, Bill. You have a beautiful soul."

"Yer'll 'ave a beautiful thick lip byanby. No, I don't regret me (smoking) past. An' it's too late now. I sees in the paper as there's 3,000



"TACKLED!"

By Fred Buchanan

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Eton-an'-Arrer snobs goin' up this month instead o' the usual 900. The Vice-Chancellor don't know wot ter do; can't find 'ouses enough with a plain slavey. No, I don't regret. My niece, Mybel, as is in the City, she says I ain't a gent. Well, I ain't. But I got nothin' agin Oxford. I 'put 'em up' with the curate once, 'e was at Brassnose, an' 'e put me ter sleep. I'd like ter make up a pome abaht Oxford. I'd begin——"

I didn't let him finish.

Political Personalities in Caricature

The Truth about the Ending of the Strike

DISCRETION is the mortar that holds the political bricks together, but since our leaders have been talking *cœur ouvert* let us do likewise. So come with me, good people, into a corner, and I will tell you something. Do you know the real reason of the ending of the strike? The answer is one word—CAPITAL. Listen! The strikers' funds—said to be some one-and-a-half millions — were all invested in Government bonds and railways, but more largely in the former. If the strike had succeeded those bonds wouldn't have been worth a quarter of their purchase price, perhaps much less, because the Government would have been defeated, and as a consequence the national credit would have gone an amazingly long way down the road to Phut and Napoo. Another point was, that each day of the strike was lessening the selling value of those bonds. Who would buy Government bonds at a moment when every trade in the country was being paralysed? Who would buy railway shares? But where was the strike pay to come from if the funds could not be realised? That was where the rub came in. Wiser heads than those of the railway leaders saw the danger not only to the Railway Union, but to every other Trades Union in the country whose funds are invested in Government securities. For years the working-man has been taught that capital is a fixed quantity, an unassailable rock. How many of them will ever realise how perilously near they were to destroying their own capital —their Union funds the weapon on which their leaders relied to bend the country to its knees? You may be sure they will never be told by their leaders.

Some Strike Happenings

ALL sorts of funny things happened during the strike. One poor lady, bundled out at a wayside station, found herself provided for the night with only a diamond necklace, several brooches, an assortment of jewelled hatpins, and a powder-puff. She thus learnt the drawbacks of a dressing-case that could only be moved by a porter or a barrow; likewise that even feminine ingenuity is baffled by the problem of converting a powder-puff into a *robe de nuit*. However, she was a woman of spirit, and having browbeaten the stationmaster into giving her a bed, borrowed a pair of pyjamas as well, remarking, as she banged her bedroom door, "The railway company have my fare. You can send the bill to them!"

Packing Up

SIR EDGAR and Lady Speyer have been in London recently, and now their *lares* and *penates* at 46, Grosvenor Street are being packed in all haste for removal to New York City, which they mean in future to make their home. It seems like yesterday

Pulling the Hero-Poet's Leg

A VOICE (*innocently, breaking into the middle of a sublime passage justifying any* Italian *in taking anything of anybody's anywhere*): "*Do any* Italians believe in the League of Nations?"

GABRIELE D'ANNEXIO (*falling into the trap*): "Well, *a few may (yells of delight)* (???). But, Sons of Immortal Italy"—and so on

BY E. T. REED

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

that Lady Speyer, who before her marriage to Sir Edgar was Leonora von Stosch, the violinist, was one of the most prominent of our London hostesses addicted to entertaining on a lavish scale. She was said to possess some of the finest pearls in Europe, but her sympathies, when War broke out, unfortunately synchronised with Sir Edgar's, and she received the frozen stare in this country.

Cheap Living

A FRIEND of mine, just back from Brussels, assures me that the Belgian capital is the place to live in now, if you seek comfort, economy, and freedom from restrictions. Her hotel bill, which she showed me, worked out at a fraction over twelve shillings a day for bed and full board, and the hotel she stayed at is one of the best. There is, she declares, no shortage of food of any sort; butter, eggs, and other "minor products" can be bought in any quantity, and stimulants may be obtained at any time. Now if that is possible in Brussels, why are we in London still hemmed in by galling rules and regulations which we tolerated during the War, because then they were necessary to the well-being of the community, but which should now be scrapped? Whose is the Great Brain which ordains, for instance, that no chocolates or tobacco shall be sold after 8 p.m.?

The R.A.S.C. Club

TALKING of clubs, the Royal Army Service Corps is preparing to launch a great club in London, where probably all the dinners given by the various branches of the corps will be held. I don't mind betting that someone will nickname it the "temporary gentlemen's club," and then guffaw loudly at his wit. That temporary gentleman joke is very threadbare now, and appeals only to the class of people who parrot catch phrases and will speak of children as "kiddies." What we really need in London is a Profiteers' Club, open only to candidates who drop their h's and pick their teeth and talk about "riding" in a car.

Did She or Did She Not?

THE publishers of "The Young Visiters" are still flogging the dead-horse publicity stunt, which keeps the controversy going as to whether or not Daisy Ashford wrote her own book and whether or not—incidentally—Sir J. M. Barrie's word is to be trusted. James Douglas was the first to start the *canard* about Barrie having written the book; yet everybody ought to know by now that Sir James did nothing of the sort. The head of a commercial firm in Bond Street, who has known the Ashfords all his life, tells me that he was staying in their house when the book was being written. I wonder how soon her other precocious effort, "The Hangman's Daughter," will be published? The name alone ought to be worth the money.

The Hunting Supplement

INCLUDED as a supplement in this number is a Hunting Causerie comprising names of Hunts, Masters, etc., by Arthur W. Coaten.

"THAT FAR, FAR AWAY ECHO"

This striking picture by "Snaffles" was published in THE BYSTANDER on October 27, 1915, when, though we knew it not, the War was but in its early stages. Now four years later, we publish on pp. 178-179 another picture from the brush of the same gifted artist which bears the same title. The two make an interesting—and instructive—contrast

A Hunter Who Will be Hunted

FOUL-SHOOTING: "FOURTEEN FAT FRENCH P(H)EASANTS, HERR GRAF!"

"At Lille, Count von Bismarck, grandson of the Chancellor, has to answer to the crimes of murder, assassination and wilful incendiarism. He is accused of having caused fourteen inhabitants of Valenciennes district to be shot under barbarous and revolting conditions, 'to serve as an example' as he said."—EXCHANGE TELEGRAM.

BY LOUIS RAEMAEKERS

A Famous Hunter of Hun and Turk

Photograph LORD ALLENBY RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY AT THE GUILDHALL *Graphic Photo Union*

On the right of the picture will be recognised Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Lloyd George, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Emil Pasha, Lord Haig and Mr. Bonar Law

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE." *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *October* 13, 1919

DEAR COUSIN—

'SFAR as *I'm* concerned, you know, wouldn't have minded *how* long the old strike went on—so long as the weather kept up and my income stood the car and taxi strain. Perfectly pleasant sight it was—the strikers handing us a lemon, and the "struck-ats" not caring tuppence!

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IN fact, quite liking it, some of us. *So* nice it was, the atmosphere of civility—instead of the usual hostility—that reigned. Assure you, made even travelling on the Tube and District and things bearable. Picture to yourself—a service that gave smiles instead of scowls, and a helping hand instead of a vicious push: that didn't bang doors, but merely shut them: that was ornamental as *well* as useful. . . .

"Wot was you before you joined the —— railway?"

卐 卐

THAT really seemed quite to *like* telling you to hurry-off-the-car-please, and that the train *did* stop at Leicester Square, but *not* at the Strand: that obviously had read its Chesterfield—

Most arts require long study and application; but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire.

And a staff that—

Diluted with some discreetness
The optic glad of sweetness.

卐 卐

NICE, too, that *clean* look that somehow asserted itself even out of the oldest ditto suit, the shabbiest of French breeches, and well-worn tunics. Which characteristic of a section of the volunteer army it seems struck the striking classes too. "Well, you don't begin work too *early!*" my maid remarked to a lift-girl. "Oh, no," was the reply. "You see our gentlemen can't come on, of course, till they've had their morning barf!"

"Civility instead of the usual hostility"

AND I liked the gay and dashing way they did it—the way we won the War, you know. "To be in the movement at all, dearest Blanche," one of them wrote me, "one *must* fire a locomotive nowadays—all the best people are doing it. It's a rapid life, full of aches and pains, but it's not without compensations. And some of it's rather reminiscent. When first introduced to my driver, for instance, he looked me up and down, and then said, 'And wot was you before you joined the —— railway?'"

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FOLLOWED this small homily on Engines and their Habits, which I found most instructive. "A fireman's life, dear Blanche, is not so exciting as it looks. It narrows down to the successful negotiation of coal through a small hole about one foot in diameter—there's not much time for anything else.

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"AND the first thing one learns about engines is that all the *really* nice ones have what are known as sloping fire-boxes. When the coal is dropped gently into the firehole, it shakes down to the front of these fire-boxes in a manner which is very grateful and comforting. But certain of the daughters of Stephenson have flat bottoms to their fireboxes—and the muscular energy involved in throwing the coal ten feet along the firebox is the direct cause of the aches and pains aforesaid. To complete the black side of the tale, I need only add that about five tons of coal are burnt every day!"

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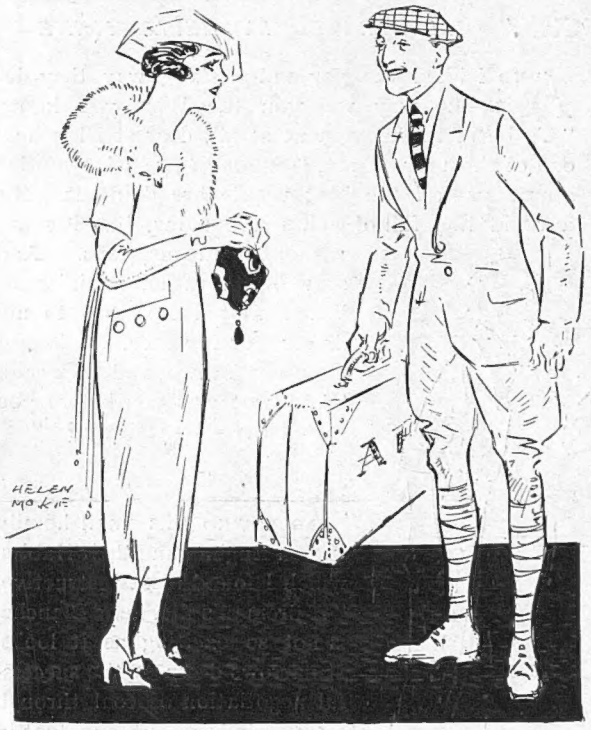
HOWEVER, there are, as I've said, compensations. "These take the form of strikers who hang about bridges and stations to hurl invective varied with occasional bricks. One soon learns to reply effectively to both arguments. For the verbal offensive a sweet smile is a useful weapon (a monocle,

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

also, has been known to have a shattering effect. While for the brick strafe lumps of coal are an effective rejoinder.



. . . . One *pro tem.* porter man on the District"

"A LUMP of coal, travelling the same speed as the train, will, on striking the parapet of a bridge, burst like a Mills' bomb. This is warranted to exert a cooling effect upon any striker on the bridge who is preparing to 'hate.' (One must beware of throwing the lump right over the bridge and hitting one's-self upon the other side, as this is both painful and irritating.)

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"IN spite of the fact that my trousers are grey, everyone insists upon calling one a black-leg. The fun with the pickets and such like is never ending, and most exhilarating, but I think I liked this best. A Trade Union official, who was travelling in our train, came up at every station, and, with fiery rhetoric, denounced us as blacklegs who should be hanged forthwith —— and then scurried back to his carriage whenever the strike-breaking train started!"

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"GOT four tips to-day, Blanche," one *pro tem.* porter-man on the District wrote me, "tuppence from a *padre,* and threepence and two sixpences, all from quite poor people with bundles and children, who looked so astonished when I gave it back to their babies. Amongst my other perks were an evening paper, a free tea with new bread, marge and jam, and (I think I'll take the job on permanently) a free supper of cold meat, pickles (large onions, Blanche, in a huge family jar), lettuce, cheese, and as much innocuous beer as I liked—all in the railway restaurant run for the station staff."

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AS for the public's attitude to the volunteers who saved the strike situation for them, like me, it simply *loved* them. Positive *pets* we made of 'em, old and young, male and female alike. Everyone said, "Thank you" or "Good night," or *something,* the aforesaid ex-officer-porter gratifiedly told me. "One old boy bellowed, 'Well played, sir,' and just a few titles I got were 'Oy!' 'Young man' (this from your sex, my Blanche), 'Mate,' 'Choom,' and 'Mister.'" So you see, not *all* nightmare, even a railway strike, tho', of course, it *was* a bore being flung back on to war rations, and it won't be *really* funny paying up the fifty millions, or so, which I believe's what the whims of Mr. Thomas and Co. just about cost us.

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AND now we've forgotten all about it, and, tho', according to our leading pessimists, *We are poor and rapidly growing poorer.* All the same we're settling down to our first real peace winter, with positively fierce determination to enjoy it, and hang the expense. Such a boom as there is for dancing didn't happen even in the War, when we all worked *so* hard to amuse the poor dear men on leave.

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WHILE as for theatres, true, they do say the ticket agency places anyway *did* feel a bit of a draught in the strike (which must have been a bit of a change for the theatre-profiteers, eh—what?) And there certainly was a rather *empty* feeling at some of the not-quite-established-in-public-favour shows when trains and tubes were *non est,* and no one knew when they'd come on again, or when a General Strike wouldn't dislocate life still further. But elsewhere, at *Afgar,* for instance, turning clamouring patrons away in crowds, they were, every night, strike or no strike!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE.

"A monocle has been known to have a shattering effect"

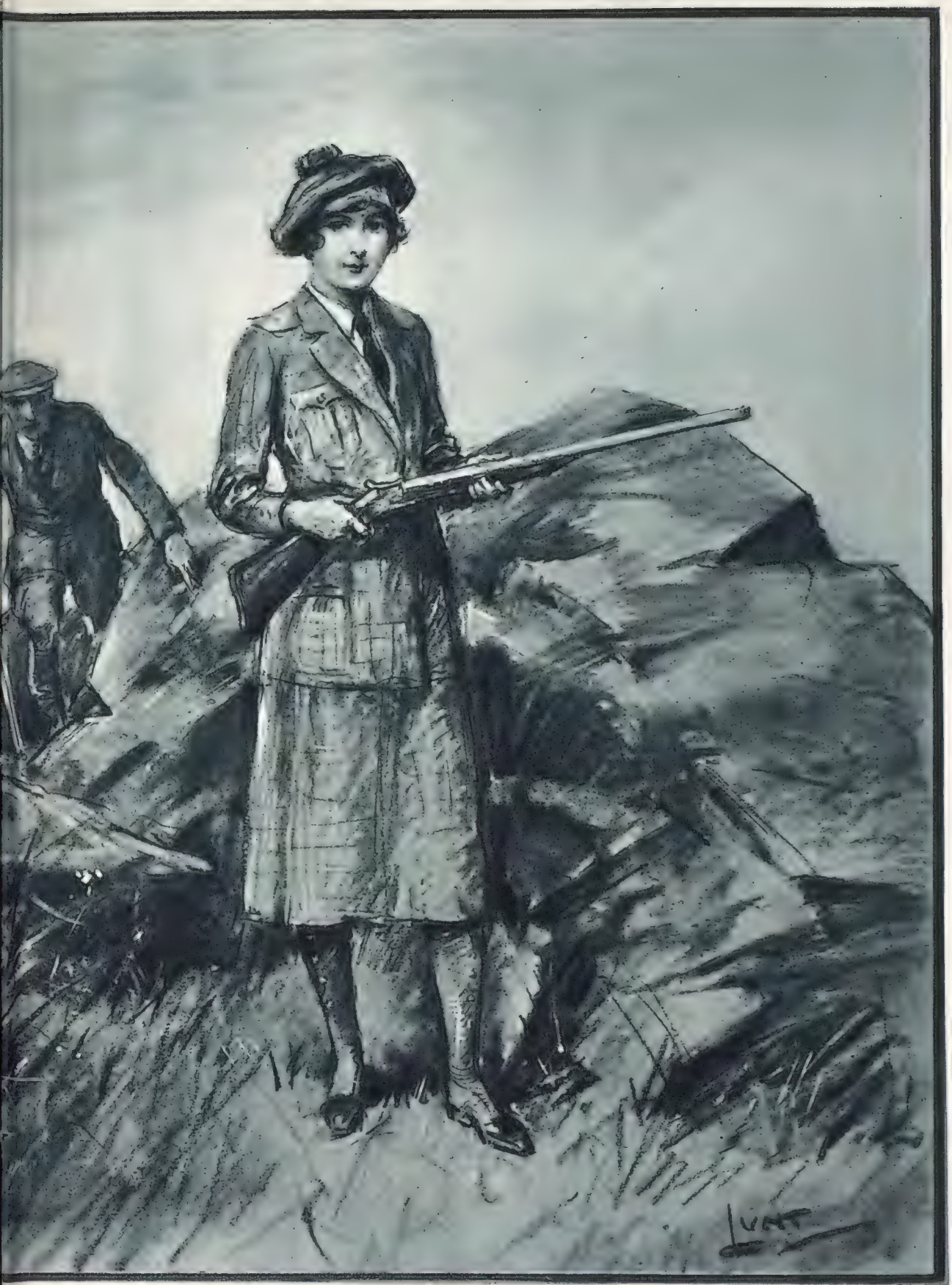
Unfortunate Predicament

OF CELEBRATED GENTLEMAN ON HIS FIRST DAY'S HUNTING

Old Bill's first day out hunting contained rather mixed sensations. For a short time he found himself nearer to the fox than his horse, and he simply hates foxes

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"DEAR" STALKI



IN THE HIGHLANDS!

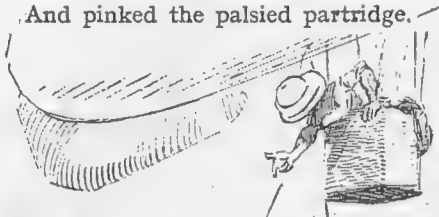
BY WILMOT LUNT

THE NEW NIMROD

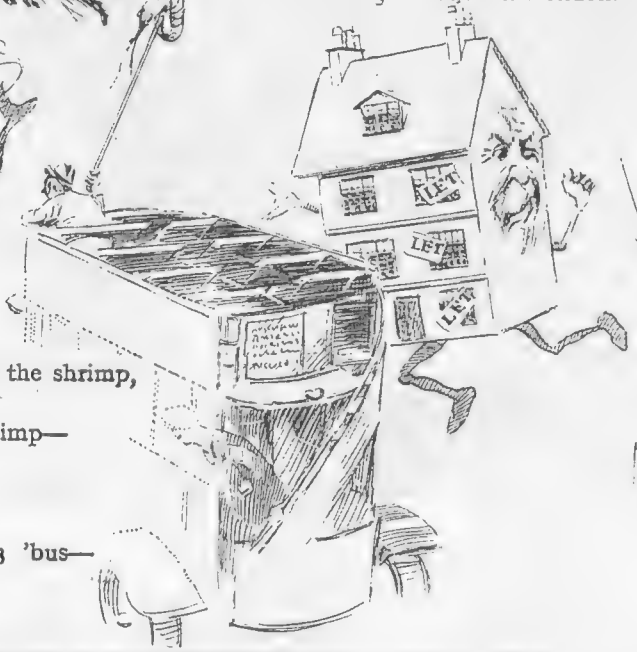
By A. A. THOMSON

I've stood alone 'gainst serried files
Of ramping raging rhinos,
And strafed the snouts of crocodiles
That tried to bite off *my* nose.
With bisons, buffaloes and bats
I've shown my huntsman's mettle,
And popped my gun at fierce wildcats
On Popocatapetl.

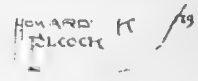
FROM Greenland's icy mountain-slopes
To India's coral beaches,
I've hunted ants and antelopes,
Leviathans and leeches.
I've slaughtered snipe with Lewis-guns
(Ten birds to every cartridge);
Caught elephants with poisoned buns,
And pinked the palsied partridge.



But now I seek a rarer prey,
Elusive as the swallow;
Grimly intent from day to day,
Upon its track I follow.
I dare not falter in the race,
For if I fail I'm undone,
I'm on my longest, sternest chase—
Hunting a house in London.



I've gaffed the gudgeon, speared the shrimp,
Tickled for trout and tunny;
I've bombed big barbel from a blimp—
A sport acutely funny.
With porcupine and platypus
I've waged Homeric combats,
And watched—from Number 13 'bus—
Wild wallabies and wombats.



DRAWN BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

All On "The Favourite"

AND SHE LOOKS LIKE A WINNER, TOO!

BY MACMICHAEL

The Bystander in Occupation

"ZÜGE"

"ZUG" is a very useful portmanteau word, particularly just now, when Züge of one kind or another are the main features of life in Rhineland.

AFTER everyone felt sure that autumn had come the sun resumed operations with an energy that promised to make a record wine year on Rhine and Moselle. Sunday, therefore, still sees the countryside thronged with Züge of Wandervögel—those parties of youths and maidens who, rising early in Cologne and travelling fourth-class, penetrate every beauty-spot of Rhineland. Marching five or six abreast, headed by half a dozen mandolines and guitars, to which are sometimes added a couple of violins, they cover a great deal of ground, lustily singing the folk-songs of Rhineland. A noteworthy addition to one weirdly-attired and ribbon-bedecked Zug last Sunday was a sombre figure in khaki—a regimental flautist, rather pink, either from embarrassment or the pace, but nobly doing his part to help the Zug along.

MORE literally a Zug is the one that steams into Koln-Deutz daily. From each one of a long line of cattle trucks lean dozens of grey-clad figures, bronzed, healthy, and happy, cheering wildly as they wave handkerchiefs and evergreen sprays—the day's batch of returned prisoners. As the train halts, amidst a full-throated chorus of Rhineland voices, out get a number of equally bronzed, but older, men in khaki—the guards of that particular batch who, in some cases, have watched over them with rifle and bayonet for two years, and have obtained special permission to bring their charges safely home!

ONE knows now that the Germans were short of food in November, 1918, while our rations were good—one does not wish one's country to be other than humane to her captives—but when one contrasts these Germans in their bronzed fitness with the ragged, hollow-eyed wrecks who hobbled halfway across Belgium and North France to reach our lines, when the Armistice freed them—well, one has not much pity to waste on the former, because nine months have elapsed between the end of the fighting and their release.

HERE is one more characteristic Zug—a long line of troops, hot and dusty, hats on the backs of their heads, packs and packages of all kinds hung round their perspiring bodies. Most are wearing "Mons" ribbons, many two or more wound-stripes. As they pass down the hot, reeking street leading from the barracks to the station, everyone stops and stares. Laughing greetings are exchanged between troops and onlookers, handkerchiefs are waved, and here and there a window is thrown up whilst voices cry, "Good-bye-ee."

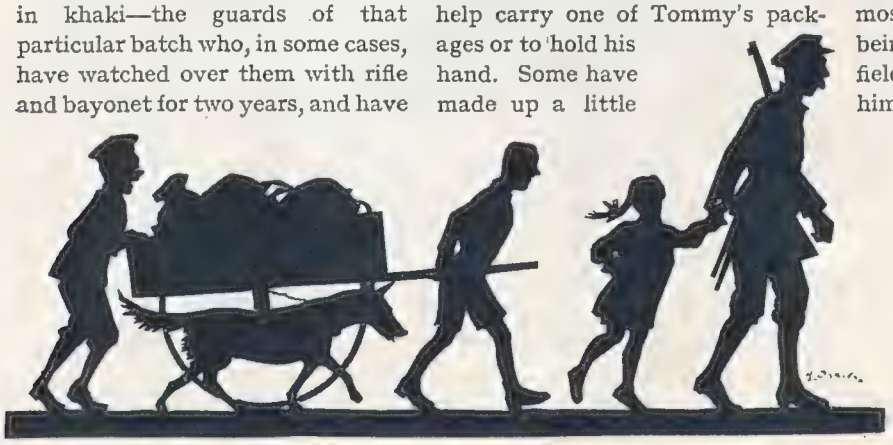
BY the side of the Zug trot little brown-tanned, close-cropped, square-headed kiddies, proud to help carry one of Tommy's packages or to hold his hand. Some have made up a little volunteer party, and, aided by a big wolf-hound, draw a handcart with half-a-dozen packs inside. Girls are supporting the procession, laughing and chatting, but with rather moist eyes. Here and there an elderly gentleman in "adapted" field-grey uniform and a comically youthful Tyrolese hat, accompanied by a plump wife in her Sunday best, marches at the side of his late compulsory guest.

"Hobbled halfway across Belgium"

YES—"compulsory" is the right word, for these are not repatriated prisoners and their guards—they are a demobilisation draft of the Army of Occupation leaving the enemy's country!

OF course, there are those in the street who cast cold glances on the trusting, laughing kiddies and tearful girls, and make nasty guttural noises, producing "unerhörts" and "unverschämts" with astonishing vehemence and rapidity, but they are few, and mostly young bloods who, after being cut up by the invader in the field, have now been cut out by him in the Fatherland. Regrets at the loss of custom, and of guarantors of law and order, play their parts in some quarters, but the feeling displayed during the passage of these drafts—and freely recognised by at least two prominent Cologne papers—is a personal tribute to Thomas Atkins himself.

ERIC GORDON



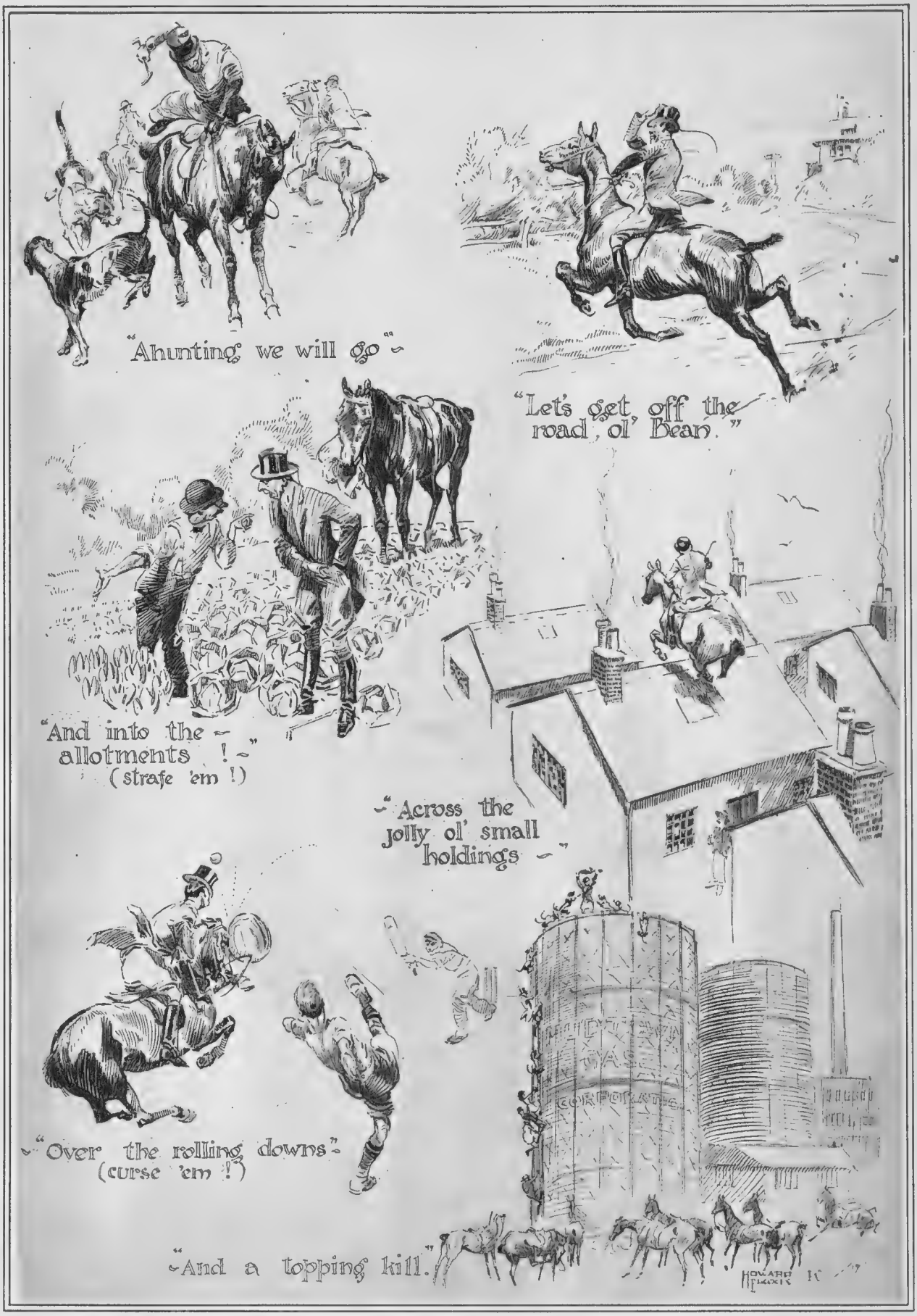
"A handcart with half a dozen packs inside"

"Where Did That One Go?"

(With innumerable apologies to Captain Bruce Bairnsfather)

BY H. M. BATEMAN

On the Eve of the Opening Meet



HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE OF KEEN FOXHUNTER WHO IS ALSO ON A LOCAL RECONSTRUCTION COMMITTEE

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

HUNTING And Its Prospects

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Resumption of Hunting After the War

For'ard Away!

It is not quite correct to speak of the "revival" of fox-hunting after the War, for, excepting a few places, the sport was never really suspended. As a business rather than as a pleasure it was carried on during the War. The hunting community is deeply indebted to those devoted few who made many sacrifices to keep the sport going until the time should come when the followers of hounds could reassemble at the covertside in the old delightful way. Looking back on the drama of the past few years, one is inclined to marvel that the Chase has survived its extraordinary difficulties. Shortage of horses was caused by the initial requisition of nearly every suitable animal in hunting stables. How would our cavalry have been mounted in those vitally important early days of the War if the Army had not been able to draw upon hunting for its wonderful reserve of riding horses? Practically every eligible rider to hounds went into the service as soon as the call to arms was sounded, and fields which at one time numbered three hundred riders were reduced in many cases to a mere handful of five or six. Then came the rationing difficulties, causing a general reduction in the number of hounds kept in most countries. The supply of foxes, too, had to be kept down by means which would not have met with approval in ordinary times.

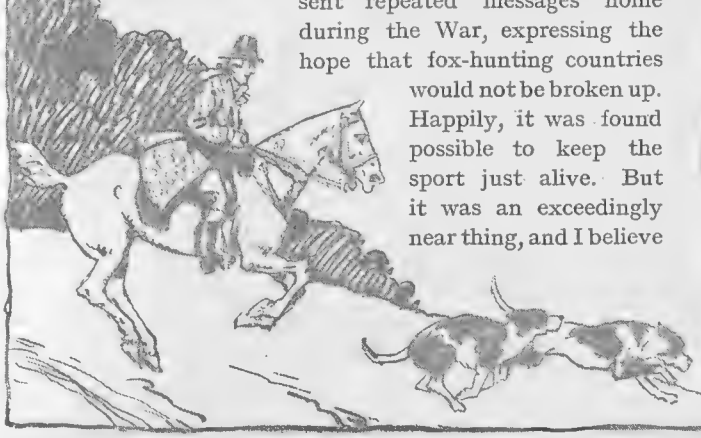
The Sport Wins Through

And yet, in spite of every obstacle, fox-hunting has "won through." Hundreds of fox-hunters who distinguished themselves in the War are back again with the supreme satisfaction of knowing that they can still enjoy their gallops with the hounds. Lord Haig as well as many other famous soldiers sent repeated messages home during the War, expressing the hope that fox-hunting countries would not be broken up. Happily, it was found possible to keep the sport just alive. But it was an exceedingly near thing, and I believe

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY CHESHAM

Wife of the Master of the Old Berkeley Hounds, which she hunted in his absence last season



HUNTING AND ITS PROSPECTS (concluded)

fox-hunting could not possibly have survived two more seasons of War conditions, excepting in a few favoured districts. Thank goodness, all those dreary days are behind us. "Tally-ho! For'ard Away," the fox-hunter may cheerfully cry once again. Hounds are as keen as ever they were, and foxes, if they had their choice, would assuredly prefer to lose their brushes after a glorious test of cunning and endurance against the hounds rather than to be shot down or miserably trapped as vermin, which, of course, would be their sorry fate if fox-hunting was no more.

Happy Opening Days

WHO will be able to repress a thrill of excitement as he rides to the opening meet in the early days of November? What joyous gatherings there will be at Kirby Gate and corresponding fixtures on the first day of the season! There is always a special charm about the opening day. The crowd is usually too big for real comfort; sport seldom comes up to expectations. Yet the day is a special event in the hunting calendar; it marks the beginning of a new spell of the best of all field sports, and for that reason alone you do not care to miss it. But of all opening days that of the coming season will surely be the most memorable.

The Farmer's Attitude towards Hunting

Difficulties Not Insuperable

I DECLINE to regard the after-the-War difficulties of fox-hunting as really insuperable. The sport has weathered some bad storms in the past, and I think it has sufficient vitality to get over its present troubles. The great thing is to know that the support of the farmers is as loyal as ever it was. I have discussed the prospects of the coming season with men from many hunting districts, and they all declare that the representative farmers are doing their best to assist to put hunting properly on its legs again. You will not need to be reminded that without the goodwill of the farmers fox-hunting would quickly become impossible. Happily, the occupiers of the land have always kept a warm corner in their hearts for the sport. Not so many of them ride to hounds as was the case half a century ago, but still they have inherited the love of sport from their forebears.

A Sportsman Bred and Born

IT can be asserted of the British farmer that he is a good sportsman bred and born; he loves to hear the music of the hounds, and rejoices when they account for their foxes in good style. What is more, apart from his sporting proclivities, the farmer is shrewd enough to perceive the material advantages of fox-hunting to the countryside. He knows that the sport brings a great deal of money into rural districts which would otherwise not be expended there. If he is a breeder of light horses he realises that the hunting-field is his best market. On the eve of a new hunting season one cannot too strongly impress upon riders to hounds that it is vitally important for the future of hunting that the goodwill of the farmers should be fostered and strengthened in every possible direction.

A Word of Advice

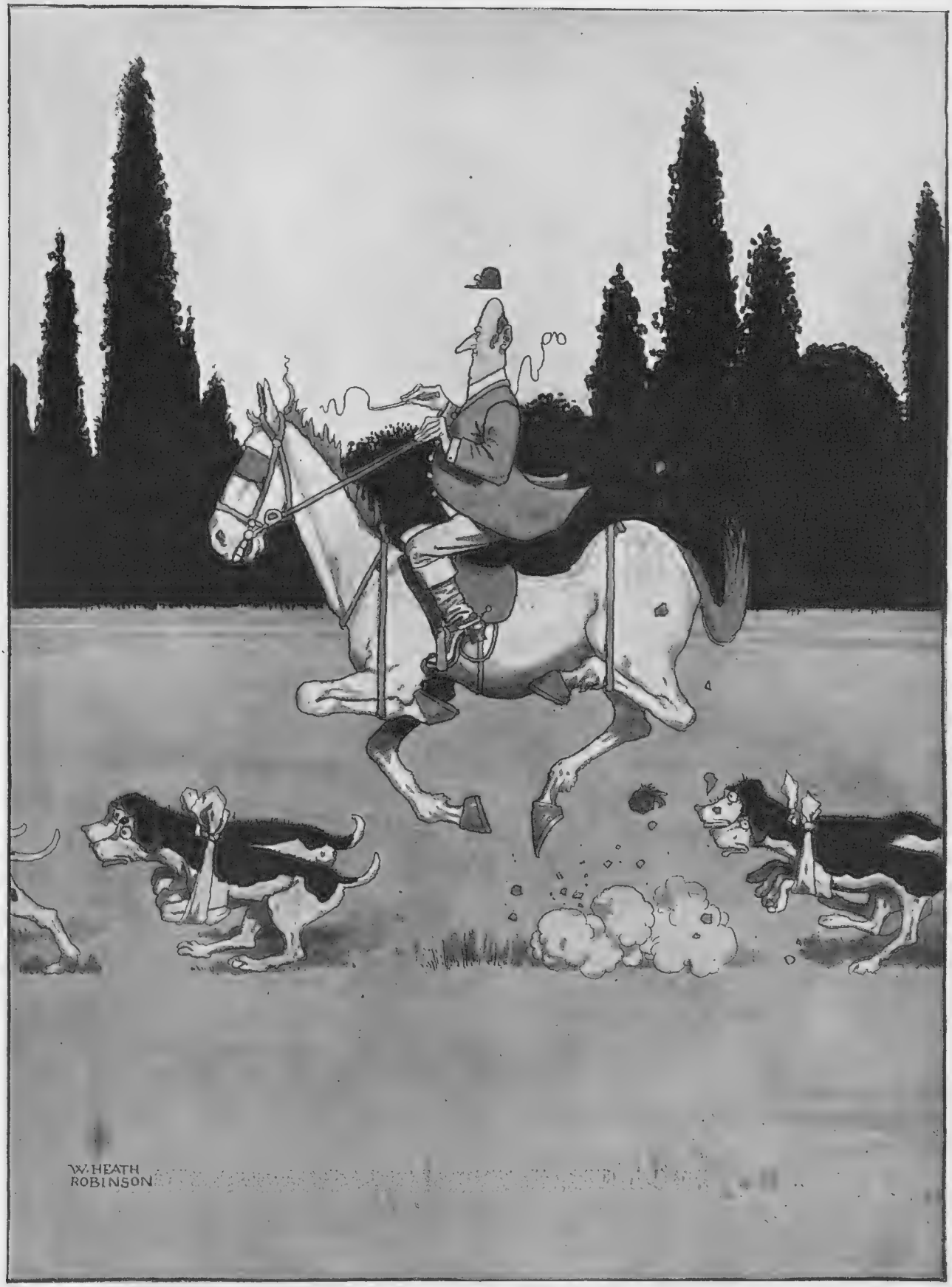
MANY young men and women will be taking up hunting regularly for the first time this season, and to them specially I say—do all you can to advance the interests of fox-hunting with the farmers, and avoid all unnecessary damage. Do not forget that we hunt by courtesy and not by right. Never leave a gate open that stock may stray. 'Ware seed, wheat, and beans; don't break down fences when there is a gate handy; buy everything you can from the local farmers and tradesmen. These are a few well-worn hints which, when carefully observed, help materially to keep the rather complicated machinery of fox-hunting efficiently lubricated. From every direction I am assured that the farmers have given invaluable assistance to the hunts during the War, and I am optimistic enough to believe that the same assistance will be cheerfully extended for a very long time to come.

Questions of Finance

THE financial problem is a bit of a puzzler. It is obvious that Masters of Hounds cannot keep hunting countries going on their pre-war guarantees. Formerly £1,000 for each hunting day per week used to be reckoned a fair estimate of the cost to the Master. Thus he would have to spend £4,000 during the season in a four-day-a-week country. If he were lucky he might get back one-half of that sum—sometimes more, often less—in the shape of subscriptions. Now, however, it will probably cost at least £2,000 per day for a first-class hunting country, and you will understand that M.F.H.s are wondering where the extra money is coming from.

Photograph *Photopress*.
LORD DALMENY AND HIS NEW WHADDON CHASE PACK

A Suggestion to Sportsmen



Economise your horseflesh by using half at a time during the increase in price of forage

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Prospects of the Season

Satisfactory Prospects

PROSPECTS of sport in the new season are decidedly satisfactory. Cub-hunting is in full swing, and I have not heard of many complaints regarding the supply of hunting material. Much, of course, will depend upon the weather; given a tolerably open winter, the sport should not fall much below the average of pre-war days. Looking through the reports which have been sent to me from different districts, I note that there are a fair lot of foxes in the Albrighton country, though they are, and have been, very hard to kill owing to the number of badgers which exist. Badgers, be it noted, make the effective stopping of foxes a matter of considerable difficulty. In the Avon Vale country more litters of cubs are reported than for many seasons, and prospects are excellent in the neighbouring Badminton country, where the Duke of Beaufort, who first hunted the pack as far back as 1868, is as keen as ever to show good sport.

Reports from Many Districts

A PLENTIFUL supply of cubs in most parts of the Belvoir country is reported, and everything points to a successful season. Very little wire is standing, and it will all be taken down. In the Blackmore Vale cubs are strong and as numerous as they were last year. One of the best entries for years, comprising sixteen couples, has been put on. It is feared here that the high price of hay will deter a great many from keeping horses. An optimistic note comes from the Blankney country, where Colonel F. Vernon Willey is the new Master. A promising start was made with cub-hunting when 1½ brace of foxes were killed at Haverholm Priory, a great stronghold for foxes. The number of litters all over the country is proof of the great support which the sport is receiving from Blankney farmers and landowners. In the Braes of Derwent country, where the shortage of hounds is expected to become an acute difficulty in the latter part of the season, the fox supply is not so good as it was before the War, but is thought to be adequate for hunting two days a week except in one or two places.

One of the Few Private Packs

A FAIRLY good stock of foxes is reported in the Brocklesby country, which, hunted by the Earl of Yarborough for forty years and by his predecessors in the title for more than a century, is one of the few remaining private packs, no subscription or "cap" being taken from its followers. A note from the Cambridgeshire country states that healthy cubs are well distributed over the country; there is practically no wire, and prospects of sport are good. Captain W. Muir has taken over the Cotswold country, where there are plenty of foxes, while Captain C. T. Scott is still found in command in the North Cotswold, Mrs. Scott having kept the hounds going while he was soldiering. The farmers here are a particularly good lot of sportsmen, who splendidly support hunting. The Cottesmore, which, Lord Lonsdale continues to hunt four days a week, are finding plenty of cubs, and there is no reason why the season's sport should not be excellent. The Craven have a good stock of foxes, but owing to shortage of hounds will hardly be able to hunt more than two days a week. The reports of the number of foxes in the Croome country are satisfactory, although there will be appreciably fewer than in pre-war days. My correspondent here fears that "the cost of keeping horses may prevent many people from hunting who would otherwise do so." Foxes should be plentiful in the moorland part of the Dartmoor country, but they will be rather short in other places.

Photograph *Sports and General*

A FAMOUS HUNTING PARSON

The Rev. E. A. Milne, who has been Master of the Cattistock Foxhounds for many seasons

The Rabies Order

MANY of the West Country packs are suffering by reason of the cessation of hunting last season under the Rabies Order, but it is hoped to revive the sport successfully. The same Order renders the future of some of the Welsh packs a bit uncertain at present. No hunting has been carried on in South Durham for eighteen months, and until it is seen how many foxes are left in the country it is useless to endeavour to estimate the prospects of sport. A note sent from Mr. Fernie's country, stating that there was a fair show of foxes in most parts, was received only a few hours before the death of its very popular Master was announced. No man was ever better liked by followers and farmers alike than Mr. Fernie; he will be a difficult man adequately to replace in this well-favoured corner of Leicestershire.

PROSPECTS OF THE SEASON (concluded)

Master of Two Packs

LORD FITZWILLIAM is still Master of two packs—the Grove and the Wentworth. From the former country my report runs: "Prospects quite encouraging, farmers all keen, practically no wire, fairly adequate supply of foxes, short of hounds, but hope to manage four days a week in the regular season." The Wentworth report states that there are plenty of foxes in most parts of the country, where farmers, puppy-walkers, and earth-stoppers are doing all in their power to provide sport. A correspondent in the Grafton Hunt says, "the farmers in this country have always been very keen supporters of fox-hunting, and there are few small-holders. Foxes are plentiful, and there is almost an entire absence of wire." Brackley, on the Great Central, and Weedon, on the London and North-Western, make this pack very accessible by rail, and it so happens that both stations are on the borders of the country, which is very little cut up by railways.

Lord Cavan as M.F.H.

WITH the termination of the War, General Lord Cavan, who gained such high distinction in Flanders and Italy, has resumed the Mastership of the Hertfordshire. Under his able control the outlook is promising, though hunting days will be fewer than usual, owing to the reduction of the strength of the pack. There is a good show of foxes, and the Master has received nothing but welcome and goodwill from covert-owners and farmers. The Holderness country is well stocked with foxes, and this can be said of most of the other Yorkshire packs. In the New Forest, Captain Meyrick has an excellent pack of hounds and foxes are plentiful, while Lord Portman's sixty-second season in the Mastership of his Dorsetshire pack bids fair to be good for sport. There is a feeling of general goodwill towards the Hunt.

Pytchley and Quorn

PROSPECTS are excellent in all respects for Sir Charles Frederick's first season as Master of the Pytchley. There appear to be a good number of foxes in the country, and it is hoped to inaugurate the return of Peace with some really tip-top sport. In the Quorn country, too, the outlook is bright under the new Joint Mastership of Mr. W. E. Paget and Major A. E. Burnaby, both of whom have ridden with the famous pack since their boyhood days. With the aid of land-owners, farmers, and hunting people generally, it is hoped soon to bring the sport back to its pre-war condition in the North Shropshire country, where Colonel H. Heywood Lonsdale has been succeeded as Master by Sir Harold Nutting, of the 17th Lancers. In South Shropshire Lieut.-General Sir Edwin Alderson, gallant soldier and keenest of sportsmen, is still the Master.

Photograph *Photopress*

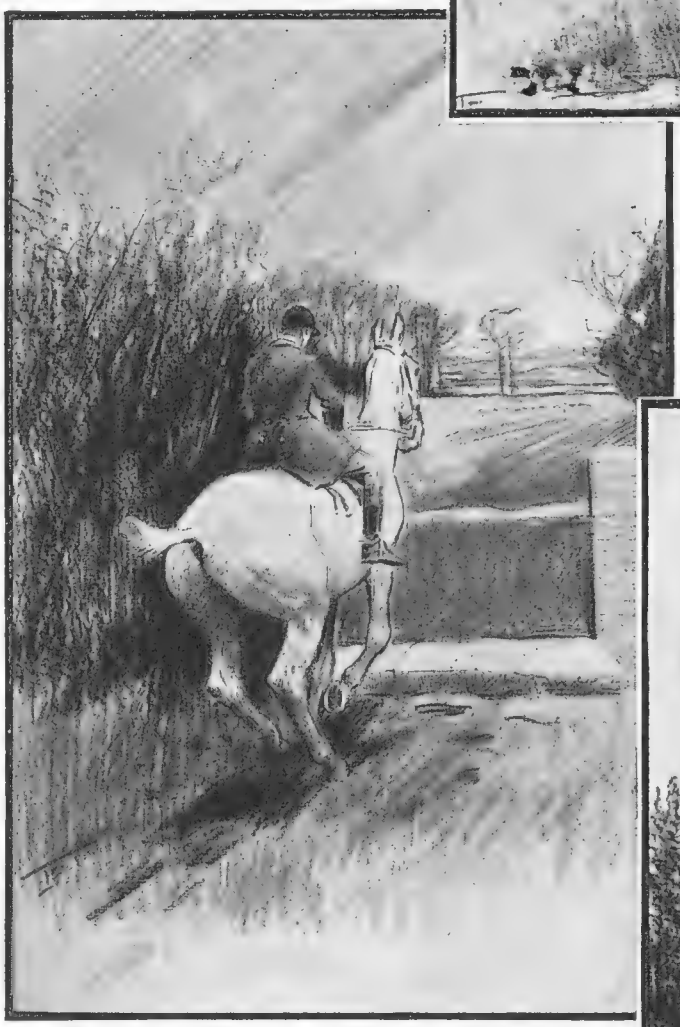
THE WHADDON CHASE (COMMITTEE) FOXHOUNDS

A new pack formed to hunt two days a week in the Vale of Aylesbury under Lord Dalmeny's Mastership

FALLS and FENCES

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL EDWARDS

A CURIOUS REFUSAL AND FALL
Suspended on a rail: An episode with the Blackmore Vale



THE STONE STILE: AN UNPLEASANT OBSTACLE
Taking a difficult jump with the Beaufort in Sodbury Vale

Shires and Provinces

CAPTAIN LIONEL EDWARDS'S charming series of sketches bring to mind the fact that Whyte Melville and others have drawn a strong and invidious distinction between hunting in the Shires and in the Provinces. One thing is quite certain: there is often a very considerable difference between the two in the matter of fences. In the Shires you want a bigger, faster, and more expensive horse. The fences there, if big, are for the most part fair hunting obstacles, whereas in many parts of the Provinces jumps are taken of necessity which, in the ordinary course of events, would be avoided in more favoured countries. Wire crops up more frequently in the less fashionable districts, and so much of it was inevitably left standing during the War that I am afraid that "'Ware Wire!" will now be an even

WIRE IN THE FENCE NECESSITATES THE GATE
A sketch made in the Cotswold Country

more frequent signal than it was in the old days. Appalling risks were taken at the back-end of last season by some of the soldiers who managed to get out with the hounds fairly regularly after the Armistice. In some countries you had to look twice at every fence before jumping, and one veteran soldier M.F.H. tells me he jumped over wire at least six times during the season.

Comparing the Jumps

In the Midlands the fences are seldom really impracticable. What you want is a bold horse who will rise well at the stout blackthorn hedges, which often have a ditch at one side or the other. Of course, it is not always plain sailing over fences, even in the Shires, and a follower of the Cottesmore caused some stir one day by jumping a five-railed creosoted fence with only just room to land between it and a brook, and, what is more, his horse landed him safely over the water, amid the "bravos" of the lookers. In Warwickshire the breadth and depth of the ditches are rather alarming on first acquaintance, and the horse who has not learnt to spread himself over his

"VERY SHORTLY WE SHALL COME IT"
An incident with Lord Portman's

A STICKY JUMPER "BREAKING A BANK"
Sportsmen farmers out with Lord Portman's

THE GRADS ALL HAVE A CUT AT THE BROOK
An open water jump in the South Oxfordshire Country

FALLS AND FENCES (concluded)

fences will come to grief quicker in that county than elsewhere. In the Duke of Beaufort's country all kinds of fences are to be met with—in much greater variety than you get in the Shires. You want a short-legged, active horse who can get his hind legs well on to the banks and jump stone walls out of a trot. Walls are also met with in the hill country of the Cotswold, but in the Vale the fences remind you of Leicestershire. The fences and ditches come pretty quickly in the Blackmore Vale country, and you get all sorts of jumps—flying fences, wide-banked doubles, timber and water. This pleasant district has been called the Melton of the South. In Cheshire you find small, flat dairy-farm enclosures, so you are constantly jumping in and out, but the really unjumpable places are few and far between. Lord Portman's country, in which Captain Edwards has made several of his sketches, you get light-flying fences as well as banks and ditches. South Oxfordshire, where the undergraduates contrive to see a good deal of sport during the season, is noted for its formidable brooks and ditches. The small Vale country takes a good deal of doing.

A PATENT STYLE

A safe and practical form of timber encountered with Lord Portman's Hunt

Irish Countries

In Ireland the country you ride over differs considerably. For example, northern Meath, with its undulating surface and upstanding fences, is not very much like the flat southern or Dublin country, with its huge enclosures and wide open ditches. With most of the Irish packs you must have a handy horse who can jump stone walls, particularly if you are in the Galway "Blazers" district, which has been enthusiastically described as undoubtedly the finest stone wall country in the world. In one half of the "Blazers'" district you get banks as well as walls, and from the nature of the country wire will never cause much inconvenience to the follower of the pack. From an "iron bedstead" in Ireland to a stone stile in Gloucestershire—the range of jumps is interestingly wide in the so-called "provincial" countries, and the fine galloping, high-priced horses of the Shires would be all at sea in many of the less swagger districts.

FOXES IN A MUZZLED AREA GIVING THEMSELVES UP—TO AVOID BEING SHOT

A Dirty Day

"Cheer up, old thing, it ain't Flanders mud, anyhow!"

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

"The Far, Far

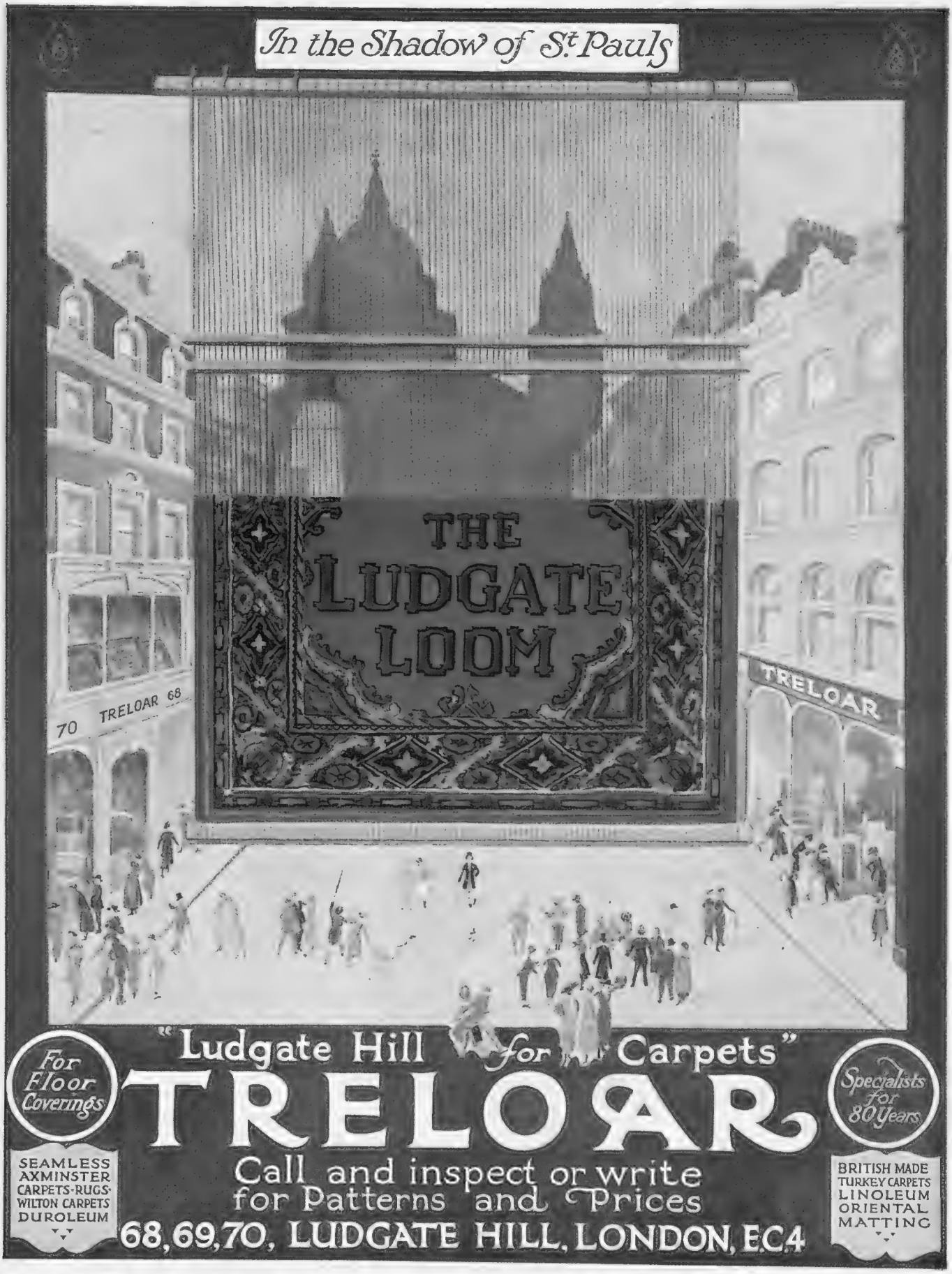
TALLY-H

Away Echo"

(See page 156 of this number)

O BACK!

BY SNAFFLES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Women Who Kept the Hunts Going

Notable Sportswomen

THOSE lady followers of hounds who helped to keep hunting going while the men-folk were at the War are entitled to a special vote of thanks on the opening of the new season. Without the time and trouble which they devoted in the midst of arduous War duties to the task of preserving the packs, hunting would undoubtedly have gone under in many districts. I am sorry that it is impossible to acknowledge their work individually, but among women who held official positions it may be recorded that Mrs. T. H. R. Hughes kept her Welsh pack going all through the War. She is one of the very few lady Masters of Foxhounds now on the active list, though she is again joined by Mrs. Inge in the Atherstone country.

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY CHARLES LOWTHER

Wife of Colonel Sir Charles Lowther, whose place she took in the Mastership of the Pytchley

The Atherstone Loss

DEEP regret was caused in the Midlands about two months ago when Miss Margaret Inge, who had hunted the Atherstone country in joint Mastership with her mother, passed away. She was one of the keenest of young sportswomen, and her early death was a shock to all who had ridden with the pack. Mrs. Inge then resigned the Mastership; but in spite of her sad bereavement, she has consented to help the Hunt out of its difficulty, and hunt the pack again. Miss Edith Somerville, that charming writer on Irish sporting characters, and the very keen Master of the West Carbery, has been obliged to relinquish her hounds, many of her best supporters having been lost in the War. Lady Portal is no longer Master of the Vine. Evelyn Countess of Craven has given up her private pack of fox-hounds in Berkshire, while Miss W. B. Whitaker has retired from the Mastership of the United Hounds, after keeping the pack going through the War.

Their Work During the War

MRS. J. O. CLEMSON has given up the Mastership of the Stevenstone, a pack which she successfully carried on during a most difficult period after the death in action of her husband. In the Pytchley country warm thanks are due to Lady Charles Lowther for the able manner in which she deputised for her husband for four seasons during the War. Lady Stalbridge similarly kept the flag flying in the South and West Wilts country while the M.F.H. was fighting. Mrs. Jack Morgan did invaluable work for the Badsworth Hunt as Field Master and honorary secretary. The latter position she still holds. Mrs. W. Wilson took over her husband's duties as Master of the Barlow, and Lady Chesham made herself similarly responsible in the Old Berkeley country. Miss F. M. Norman kept things going in the Gogerddan Hunt, and, as I have already noted, Mrs. C. T. Scott took her husband's place in the North Cotswold. Miss Nancy Lermitte acted as whipper-in to the Essex and Suffolk last season. Miss Turner was hon. secretary of the Hambledon, and Mrs. Lewis Mackenzie, in the same capacity, has put in a lot of hard work for the Tiverton Hunt. Mrs. C. T. Menzies served as Master for two seasons in the Berwickshire country. Miss Guest, the daughter of a famous ex-Master of the Blackmore Vale, has been hunting her private pack of fox-hounds in Dorset and Wiltshire during the War, and continues to run them by arrangement with the Master of the Blackmore Vale. In other Hunts lady members are looking after the poultry funds. You will realise, therefore, that besides gracing the field with their presence, women are taking an eminently practical part in furthering the interests of modern fox-hunting.

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

MRS. T. H. R. HUGHES

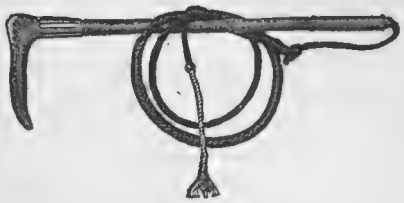
Master since 1902 of the Neuaddfawr Hounds in Wales

Photograph *Sport and General*

LADY STALBRIDGE

Who acted as Deputy Master of the South and West Wilts Hounds during the War

ZAIR'S HUNTING CROPS



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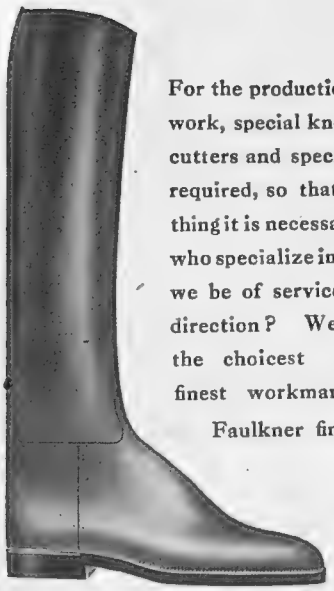

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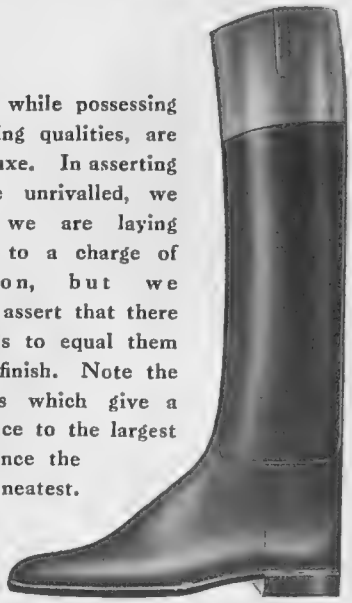

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NEW MASTERS

MANY CHANGES

A NUMBER of seasons have elapsed since THE BYSTANDER issued its last list of hounds, and a great many new Masters figure in the list which is presented with this issue. It is questionable whether the office of M.F.H. holds so many charms as it did forty or fifty years ago. Difficulties have to be reckoned with now which never obtruded themselves in those days, yet, in spite of all, the position remains singularly attractive for the man who is genuinely fond of hounds, and is able to cope with the financial demands which fall upon the office in the majority of countries. I think there are more changes of Masters each season than was the case in the old days, yet there are a number of Masters still serving who have held office for forty years or more, and, as I have already noted, Lord Portman's marvellous record is "62 not out."

SIR CHARLES FREDERICK
Master of the Pytchley, of which he was formerly hon. sec

Lt.-Col. R. W. McKERGOW
New Master of the Crawley and Horsham Hounds

MESSRS.
H. L. AND C. G. LYON
Joint Masters of the Badsworth

THE OAKLEY M.F.H.—MR. C. B. KIDD
He formerly hunted the Southdown and West Kent countries

MAJOR L. A. JACKSON
Mr. Gosling's successor in the Garth country

MAJ. L. B. HOLLIDAY
Hunting the Derwent Hounds

MR. F. C. GIDDINS
Master of the Tedworth

Interesting Arrangements

SOME notable additions have been made to the list of Masters in the last season or two. Major Algernon Burnaby, who takes over the Quorn in conjunction with Mr. W. E. Paget, has been in America on business for two or three months, but he has returned in good time to participate in the last few weeks of cub-hunting with the Leicestershire pack. Few men know more about the Pytchley country and its farmers than Sir Charles Frederick, who should make a popular and successful Master. In Yorkshire several interesting changes have just been made, Messrs. H. L. and C. G. Lyon have taken over the Badsworth country. Captain Harry Whitworth, who has had much experience as Master in the Westmeath and Holderness countries, has succeeded Lord Furness in the York and Ainsty country. Major Gordon Foster, who takes the place in the Sinnington so lamentably left vacant by the death in action of Lord Feversham, is another M.F.H. who now returns to office.

NEW MASTERS (concluded)

Berkshire Hounds

MR. GUY HARGREAVES is hunting the well-foxed South Berks country, while Mr. A. Paget-Steavenson has taken on the Old Berkshire, where prospects are quite satisfactory. Mr. A. P. Robinson has gone into Hampshire to hunt the H. H., and the Earl of Essex, who ran a smart pack of beagles when he was Viscount Malden, is to hunt the North Herefordshire pack. In the same county, Mr. H. A. Clive is a new M.F.H. Mr. C. B. Kidd, formerly Master of the West Kent and Southdown, is now in command of the Oakley. Major Edward Longueville has taken over the Radnorshire and West Herefordshire, and has as a neighbour his old friend and brother officer, Brigadier-General J. V. Campbell, Master of the Tanatside Harriers, and the winner of the Victoria Cross in the War. Mr. F. C. Giddins is hunting the Tedworth, Mr. R. H. Gosling has gone from the Garth to the Vine, and Mr. A. J. Buston has taken the Wheatland.

Popular Hunting Parson

I THINK the Rev. Edgar Milne is the only hunting parson who is Master of a pack of fox-hounds this season. He has hunted the Cattistock Hounds for many seasons, and is immensely popular with the farmers and all who ride with his pack. The result is that hounds are welcomed everywhere. His pack is smaller than usual this season, but Mr. Milne hopes to manage four days a week, which is really not enough for so large and well-foxed a country as the Cattistock. In the Tynedale country there is an average supply of foxes, but wire, which increased enormously during the War, will be a difficulty. The outlook is bright in the two V.W.H. countries, and also in Warwickshire, where the supply of foxes is excellent, and the Hunt is well supported by the farmers throughout the country.

Photograph *Sport and General*

GENERAL THE EARL OF CAVAN
After distinguished war service he has returned to hunt the Hertfordshire Hounds

Two Whaddon Chase Packs

THERE is an unfortunate clashing of interests in the Whaddon Chase. Upon his return from the War, Lieut.-Colonel Selby Lowndes continues to hunt the pack which has been in the hands of his family since before 1750, but his former Committee have formed a new pack, under the Mastership of Lord Dalmeny, which will hunt two days a week from the Kennels at Ascott, which Lord Rothschild's stag-hounds used to occupy. From the various Scottish countries I have received nothing but favourable reports. "Thanks to the goodwill of the farmers and a plentiful supply of foxes, a good season is expected with these hounds"—this note comes from the Eglinton country and may be accepted as typical of the hunting situation north of the Border. I learn that Mrs. C. W. B. Fernie has consented to fill the gap in Mastership of the pack which her late husband hunted so well. This keen sportswoman is assured of loyal support thoughout the Hunt.

IRISH NOTES

Politics and Hunting

HOW will the wind blow for hunting in Ireland this season? I refer, of course, to the trouble which was made last season by the Sinn Feiners, who, for their political ends, pursued an organised opposition to hunting in many countries, and caused a general curtailment of the season. It is not for me to comment on the short-sighted character of this procedure. The good that fox-hunting must do to Ireland during the winter months is surely too obvious to need any emphasis. The trouble is that the attacks against hounds and their followers were made by the ragtail element which have not a penny to lose. It is quite certain that the farmers were not in the slightest sympathy with the movement, and it is mainly due to the requests of the occupiers of the land that those M.F.H.'s who were interfered with last winter have assented to keep the hounds going this season.

Favourable Reports

IRELAND possesses so many attractions for the keen rider to hounds that these occasional political demonstrations are deeply to be deplored. One can only hope that by this time the Sinn Feiner realises that he does not advance his cause one iota by interrupting one of the real national sports of the country. With one or two exceptions the reports I have received from Ireland speak encouragingly of the prospects of the season now starting. In the Kildare country, where Major Talbot Ponsonby has an excellent pack of hounds, they will hunt three days a week to start with. Hay is plentiful, and corn promises to be a good crop. "Made" horses are scarce, but some really good ones can still be found in the district. As will be seen by our List of Hounds, nearly all the vacant Masterships in Ireland have been satisfactorily filled, and if the political element does not intervene the season should be one of the best for many years.

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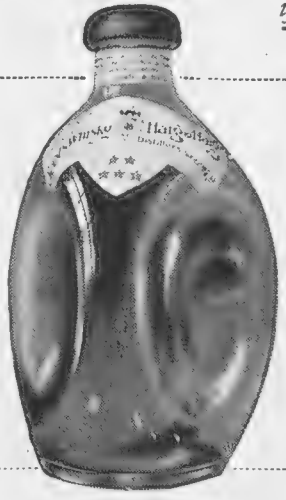

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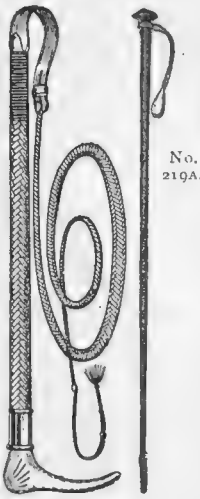

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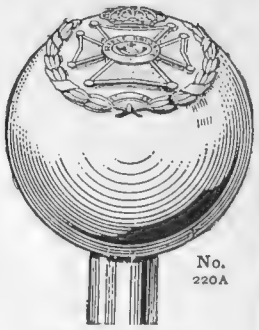

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"Tankivy!"

Although Mr. Tubbs, the new tenant of the Hall, has never ridden a horse in his life, he is able to hunt with the best of 'em

BY C. E. B. BERNARD

"Difficilis Est Ascensus"

By G. W. NELSON

JULIUS P. CORONA is tall, middle-aged, and carries himself with a dignity befitting his corpulency and opulency: that is how I had left him in New York two months ago. When he turned up at the club the other day I hardly recognised him. Gone were the outward and visible signs of wealth; his clothes hung on his emaciated frame in ungraceful folds, his head sagged forward, he staggered rather than walked, and his back curved like a question mark. To have called him a physical wreck would have been a compliment.

"Good lord! Julius P." I exclaimed, "you look like——." I paused to search for a fitting comparison.

"Don't," he murmured, "comparisons are odious, and I'm tired of them."

"My dear chap," I said sympathetically, "I'm awfully sorry. What's the trouble?"

"Elevators and skyscrapers." He turned a lack-lustre eye on me. "I don't suppose," he went on, "that on this side of the ditch you heard about the strike of stokers in New York?"

"The stokers of the boilers that supply power for the elevators? I remember reading a small paragraph about it in one of the papers."

"A small paragraph!" His laugh was the apotheosis of all scorn and bitterness. "Why, all New York was affected. Imagine all the skyscrapers and hotels without elevators; and thousand-foot skyscrappers are as common in N.Y. as lactic bacilli in an over-ripe Camembert." He took a long drink of his whisky and soda. "You know my hotel, The Colossal? I've a suite on the fiftieth floor; the fiftieth, mind you. The first I heard of the strike was when I rang down for my breakfast. No elevators working, an' would I go down for it? I went, and it took me an hour and a half. After breakfast I went to the office: I have the sixty-fifth floor in the Consolidated Steel Trust's Building. No elevators working." His voice broke. "I started the climb at eleven-thirty; the staircase was littered with stenographers and clerks in various stages of exhaustion. At one-thirty I had reached the fortieth stage; there I found a hysterical stenographer. She told me with tears that her job was stenogging, and that she hadn't been trained as a Rocky Mountain guide. It was three before I reached the office; all I wanted was the mail, but I'd forgotten that it wouldn't have been delivered. By five was fit enough to make the descent, and I reached the ground at seven. I started to go to bed at nine, and reached my room at midnight—cooked. Had to make my bed, and then I couldn't sleep because I was trying to work out how early I should have to get up in order to reach the office by nine o'clock. After two hours hard thinking I found that I should have to get up at three."

"But why go to the office?" I asked.

"Collins from Chicago was coming over with a business proposition. It meant twenty thousand dollars. I got up at once." I stared at him. "I got up," he repeated firmly, "and went down. Met heaps of fellows going to work; and some were just coming back. I heard one fellow mutter as he passed me, 'Two flights to a floor; twenty steps to a flight; forty times ninety-eight.'" He was trying to work out how many steps he climbed during the day. There was a jam of people at the Steel Trust's Building; everyone had got up early in order to be in time. Got to the office at eleven; Collins arrived at three, crawling on all fours. He was so exhausted that he couldn't speak for two hours. When he came round all he could say was 'The deal's off.' Before we left we heard that a gang of unemployed would stoke for us at ten dollars an hour, and that to-morrow the elevators would be working. Well, that was all right. Next day, when I reached the Steel Trust's, I went up in the elevator."

"So that was the end of it all, I suppose."

"You suppose wrong," he almost snarled. "Half-way up the condemned thing stuck, and we were hung up four hundred feet above ground-level for twenty adjectival hours; then we were hauled out by ropes, and had to climb down from the fortieth floor. What had happened? Why, the stokers had driven off the unemployed gang, blown off the steam, and wouldn't let anyone come near the boilers. That finished me. I went back to my hotel, bribed two fellows a hundred dollars to help me haul down my trunks—how we sweated—had 'em labelled England, and here I am, what's left of me."

"And New York is averagely Dry, isn't it?" I enquired, softly.

"Dry?" burst out Julius P., explosively, "why, you couldn't get near a bar. I never knew climbing was such dry work. It makes me thirsty now to think of it."

I took the hint, and when the drink had been supplied, he went on:

"But what made me really savage was when, having got my trunks down the hotel stairs and bought my ticket for England, I heard—" he paused.

"Well?" I queried.

"That the dam strike was over." I thought it politic to keep silent.

"Be thankful," said Julius P., with a touch of viciousness in his voice, "that you have no skyscrapers in England." He drained his glass and staggered to his feet. "And be most almighty thankful that you're not a Dry country."

I looked at that wasted figure and breathed a pious "Amen!"

A Case in Point!

THE PESSIMIST: "Waste, waist, everywhere! Look at that!"

BY A. WALLIS MILLS

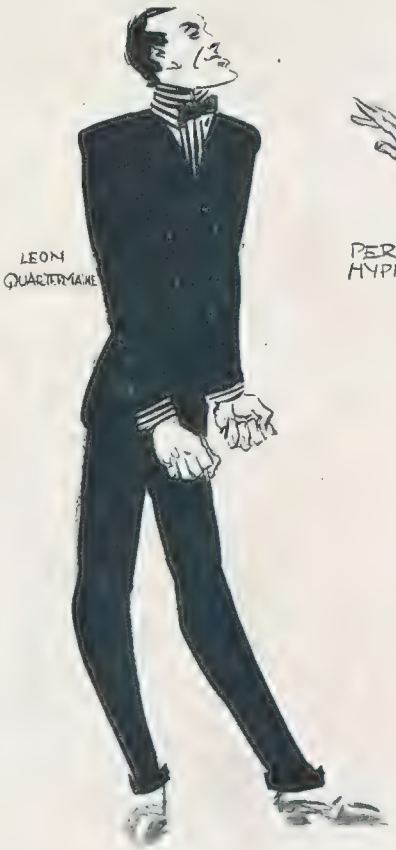
"THE CHOICE" *at Wyndham's Theatre*

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by HARRIS

THIS is a play about a man who makes up his mind and keeps it made up. With some people, the complaint is known as pig-headedness; but John Ingleby Cordways has been like that all his life, and as he has built up a big business out of nothing by keeping his mind a fixture, he must be right. The first act is largely devoted to emphasising the fact that John doesn't budge when once he has made up that mind of his. Nothing can alter it. The business of the play, therefore, is to try and get some complication that will present the well-known problem of the irresistible force and the immovable object.

JOHN is a single man of forty. He comes home one afternoon to tell his mother and his brother Timothy casually that Lady Clarissa Caerleon has just promised to marry him. The announcement causes a little surprise in the home circle. Clarissa is a Society butterfly who did a lot of war work, like dancing with officers at charity balls and lending them her company when they dined at the Savoy. Also she was once mixed up in a divorce suit, but only as a witness to testify that she was a friend of the lady in the case. That is all the evidence there is against her, except that during the War lots of the second-Loots she danced with fell madly in love with her, without any result.

JOHN and Clarissa and Tim and Mother are four of the important people who appear in the play. But the really important person, the man upon whom the whole story turns, hasn't even got a thinking part. He is the Mrs. Harris of the production. He is referred to as just Aincliffe. He had a fine record in the War, and came back to Cordways' factory after having been gassed. In a weak moment he took a glass of Government ale, and that, working on the effects of the gas, produced a result that would otherwise have been impossible. In fact, poor old Aincliffe got blotto. Mr. John Cordways, the managing director of his company, is a fanatic on the subject of the welfare of his workers, of whom he employs four thousand. It would never do to have a man who has been convicted of drunkenness in that elect assembly, as it might encourage the others to go and do likewise. So Aincliffe must be discharged. John makes up his mind to that.



I WISH Aincliffe had been given a part in the play, as it would have been helpful to see how he took his trouble. All the other Directors of Cordways', including brother Tim, are strongly in favour of forgiving dear old Aincliffe (I am beginning quite to like the chap, and should have been most pleased to meet him), but John sticks to his decision as per red book. Aincliffe must go for the sake of the other 3,999. John's mind is made up and that's all there is to it. And as he is a busy man, he finds he has only a few minutes left in which to do a bit of love-making before getting on to the next job. Even when he has his arms about Clarissa, he seems to be ticking off the seconds. Three-fifteen, puts his hand on her shoulder. Three-fifteen and a half, looks into her clear blue eyes. Three-sixteen, impresses a butterfly kiss on her chaste brow. Three-sixteen and a half—must go now, dear. Three-seventeen, gone. Clarissa has a little favour to ask of the great man she is to marry. Her collection of charity funds is threepence or so out on the stamp account, and she wants to borrow a real man of business who can put the books straight for her. John is delighted. He is as desperately in love with her as if he were a schoolboy and she a teasing flapper. She shall have his own private secretary, a very able chap, Robert Dalman.

CLARISSA demurs at this. If it is the young man of that name whom she met when he was in khaki, she would rather be excused. He made desperate love to her, and she thought she cared for him, but she let him go. It would be so awkward to meet him again now. John smiles a little at her simplicity. She has evidently not heard about his mind. Of course, she must have the assistance of Robert and no one else. He has said it, and that's that. Clarissa accepts the situation cheerfully. She has never met a man with all that firmness before. Neither have I, for that matter; but I'm not making a song about it. For three weeks she and Robert put their heads together over the accounts, and talk of nothing but business all the time. This detail is practically guaranteed by the management. And then, just as the accounts are all audited and found correct, Robert breaks out, and becomes reminiscent. His love for her is constant still. Therefore, he cannot continue to be the private secretary of the man she is about

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

to marry, and will accordingly resign forthwith. Clarissa is frightfully sorry about it, of course, but as she can hardly see her way to throwing John over in order to keep Robert in his job, she bows him tearfully off the premises.

THEN Aincliffe (I wish we had the dear old chap with us, I feel sure we should love him) makes a move on his own account. He sends his sweetheart Ann to interview Clarissa in the hope that the lady will intercede for him with John. Clarissa will, of course, be only too delighted. Mr. John Cordways will naturally do a little thing like that to please her. She will fix it up at once, and Ann can go and tell the young man (who is probably hiding in the wings) that he can regard himself as re-instated. Here again Clarissa shows her ignorance of the great mind. Deeply as John is in love with her, there are things he cannot do, even for her; and the re-instatement of our friend Aincliffe (I feel as if I had known the dear old chap all my life) is one of them. It is no good having a reputation for firmness if you are going to break away directly some sweet girl comes and talks taffy to you. And even though the thought of parting with Clarissa will break his heart—or at least make a dent in it—he is going to stick to his guns. And that is the issue that is fought out in a powerful scene between Mr. du Maurier and Miss Viola Tree.

MR. DU MAURIER'S picture of the strong-minded man is one of the best things he has done. The art of his acting is perfect, so natural and lifelike is it all. Mr. C. V. France is admirable as brother Tim; and Mother is played in a quiet and charming manner by Miss Mary Rorke. Miss Compton has her favourite part, that of an aristocratic lady given to acid epigram, and handles it with distinction; and Mr. Gilbert Hare, as the lordly but penurious father of the bride, is excellent. The acting all round, indeed, is on the highest level, and I feel sure if my dear old chum Aincliffe could have been pushed in somewhere, he would have been as good as the rest.

JINGLE

Photograph] A NEW PORTRAIT OF MISS PEGGY KURTON *[Lallie Charles*

Who takes a leading part in the new Alhambra revue "Eastward Ho!"

The Lady of the Cup

Camera Study by *Bertram Park*

MISS VIOLET NORTON

Who is appearing in "The Kiss Call," the new production at the Gaiety

IN PARIS: CABBAGES AND BUTTERFLIES

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"The poor Henriette must do it, too"

[*Received, owing to the strike, by aeroplane*]

MES AMIS—

You will know, if you have lived in France, how our country is very old-fashioned. There is not anything that we do that is more modern than the first Napoleon. If a family shall have succeeded to live in the house of its great grandfather and to make of its life the same routine to be born, to marry an equal *dot*, to have again two babies, and to die in the bed of the great grandfather, it is to have been very respectable, and to be very respectable is of great importance. It is of more importance than to be happy.

It is, perhaps, that our people have been once upon a time great revolutionaries in their ideas, but now they are of the most settled habit like the oysters that disappear in May and are all reappeared so fat and good in September. There are so many stupid things that we do because our ancestors have done them, like yesterday, when we have gone to the marriage of Henriette, who has been at our school and has always wished to be our friend.

HENRIETTE is of a family *bons bourgeois*, which has lived since one does not know how long in the same house, and her mother has been a little shocked that Lucile and I should live alone with the old Léonie in an *appartement* to make our own life. But she has asked us to the marriage, and afterwards we have all driven in carriages with grey horses and ribbons round the Bois, with Henriette and her husband in the first carriage and all the gentlemen in evening-dress. It has been so dull, and I have wished to sleep because there has been so much to eat at the *déjeuner*, but, then, Henriette's father and mother and her grandfather and grandmother and all the relations have always driven round the Bois at their marriage, and so the poor Henriette must do it, too, to be stared at in her white veil.

"In the night with a lantern and a little valise"

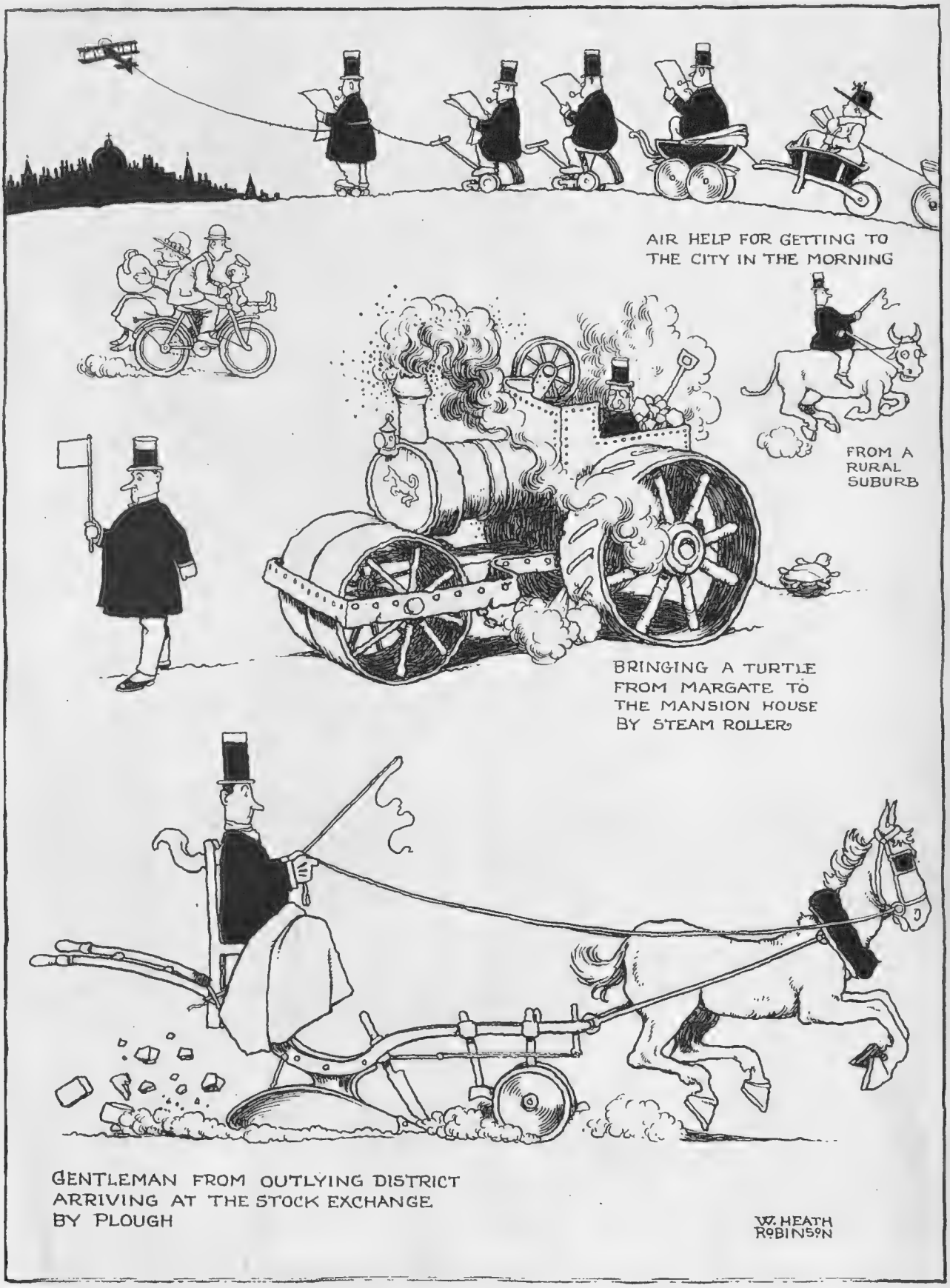
AND it has been so dreadful to see how they have furnished their new house. It has been all just like the house of their parents, except that they have a round table in the *salle à manger* instead of to have it square. And so much discussion there has been about the table. Everyone has disputed of whether a round table or a square table should be best, till Jacques Chérioux, who is the brother of Henriette's husband, and was the "bad sheep" of the family till the War, when he has become an *aviateur*, and has been decorated many times, has whispered, "Oh! *diable*, if they talk more of their table I shall go mad and spin on my head."

I HAVE felt just like Jacques that I should scream all the time. But the mother of Henriette was so happy because it has been all so respectable. Sometimes I have thought that it is because our life is so respectable that Paris is so wicked. There are so many people who cannot tolerate to be respectable. They are like to be suffocated, and so they run away.

IN England, when one runs away one goes to the colonies to help to make your Empire. It is why you have made your big Empire, because so many have run away. But in France when one runs away one goes to Paris, like the daughters of the *notaire* at our home in the Haute Marne, who have been brought up so strict that one day they have made a rebellion and run away in the night with a lantern and a little valise of their clothes. One does not

(Continued on page 196)

Hints to the Public—



—In Case of Another Railway Strike

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

"IN PARIS" (*concluded*)

speak of them any more at our village, except that everyone knows that one succeeded at last to marry an Italian Marchese and to become respectable after all.

THERE are in France so many stories like that. One has only the choice to be very respectable or to run away. It is like what our cousin Édouard, who makes the pretence to be a philosopher, has once said—France is like a cabbage—a great green cabbage, which is very respectable, but it hatches out the beautiful wicked butterflies, and so one forgives it.

ALL the butterflies are not wicked, like English people believe, and now after these so long five years, when they have hidden in the leaves of the cabbage, they begin to come back to Paris to make the life gay. And you know it is in the heart of every French woman, even though she is ever so like a cabbage, to be also a little the beautiful *papillon*. And it is not only that the great beautiful butterflies of the *monde* and the *demi-monde* begin to come back, there is also that the spirit of the butterfly begins to make a little flutter of the wings everywhere.

IT is not yet again that our Paris is the gay city that our English friends always imagine. It is still that there is a little sadness like there is a little shortage of coal that prevents that we become again *la ville lumière*, but everyone has the consciousness how it begins the little emotion of life. In the summer we have been still *distrait* and all strange to find that it was again peace. But now, though the leaves fall, it begins, our real summer of happiness. The young widows have packed away the *deuil*, and one makes again a toilet of bright colours.

IN the streets is so much noise, where all has been quiet, of people who hurry and talk and laugh with the pleasure to like without to feel the great anxiety. And in the shops—how things are of a dearness unbelievable; but

"The butterfly begins to make a little flutter of the wings"

everyone buys and buys because you know the butterflies must be beautiful. It is the cabbages who sell so dear.

SOMETIMES it comes that the cabbages try to become themselves butterflies, but it is always the same things that they do to buy big motor-cars and clothes which have the appearance to be bought *en gros*. And it is in this a secret of Paris that I will tell, because I have thought much how it is and made my discovery, though I tell it so badly. It is how *les papillons* must have the good brain, and if they have not, why then it is better to remain to be a cabbage. Perhaps that is why our life of France is the one half so respectable and the other half so amusing.

Your friend,

AGNÈS

"But the mother of Henriette was so happy"

BY APPOINTMENT

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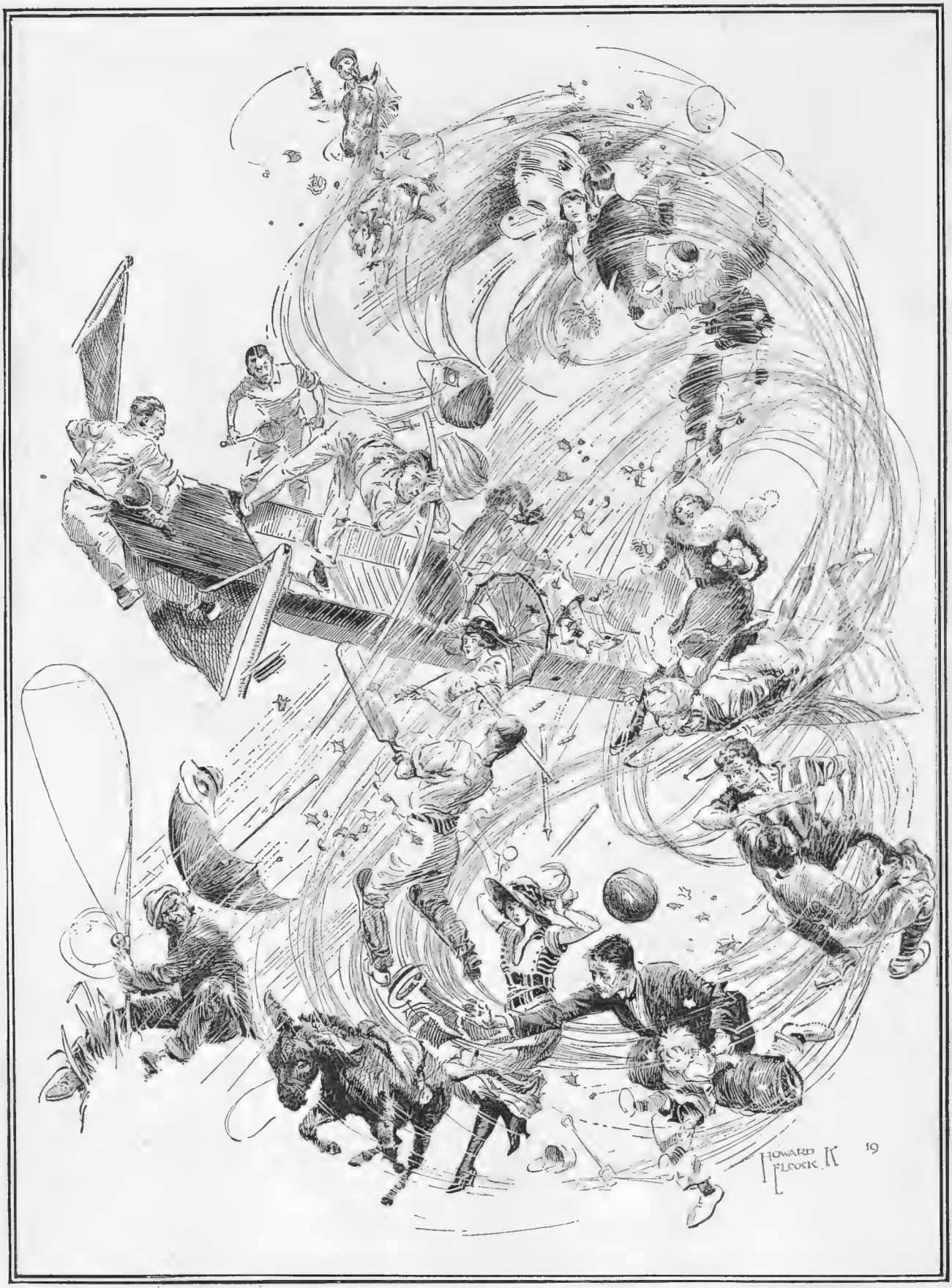
Hallo, Autumn!



Or "Summer Leaves"

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

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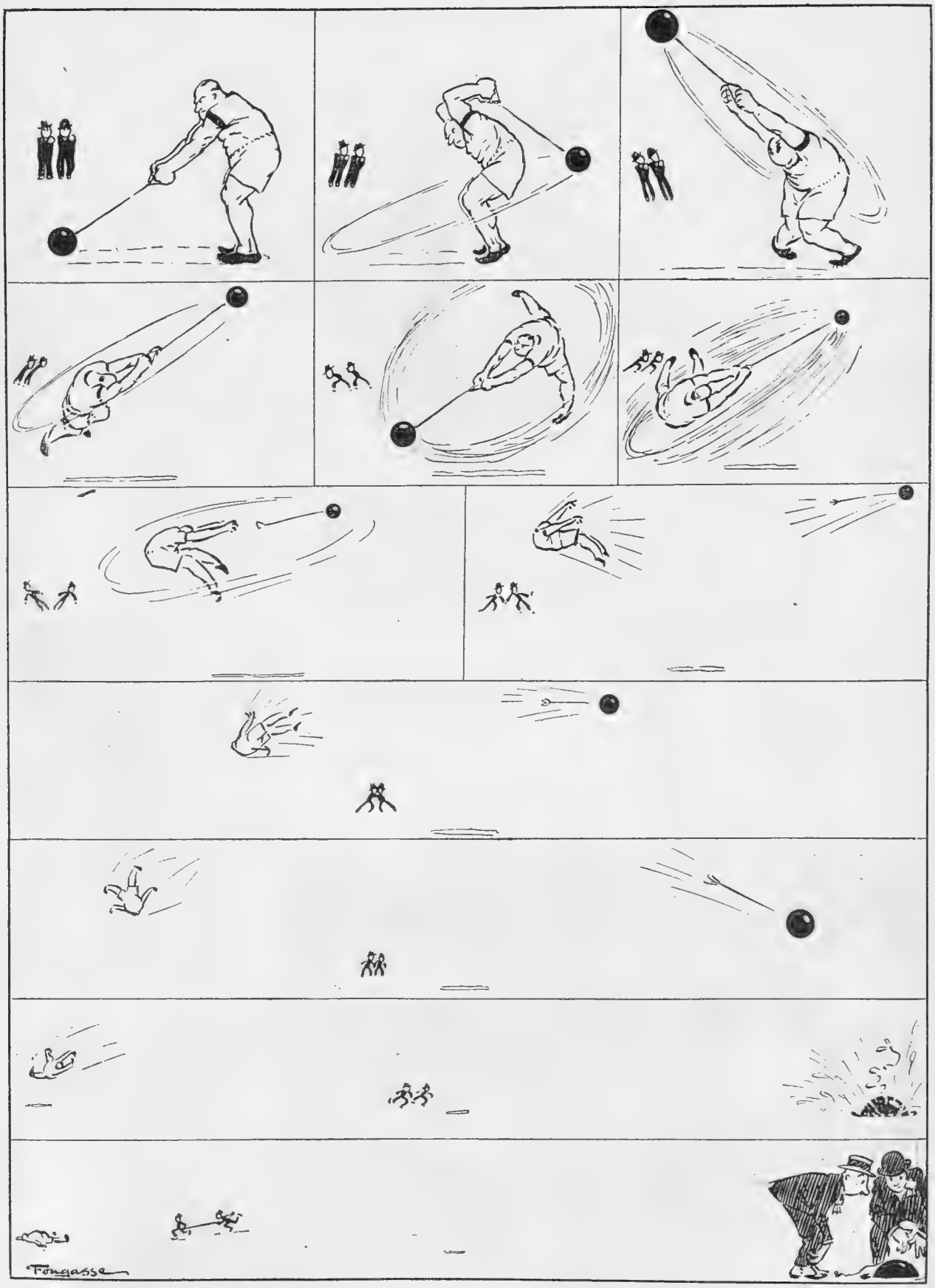
The Record Breaker



"SWINGING THE LEAD" (NON-MILITARY VERSION)

BY FOUGASSE

Racing Notions

THE CESAREWITCH. By "CARBINE"

The Newmarket Favourite

For a couple of months the prospects of the Cesarewitch have been the subject of eager discussion among racegoers. Last week the chief feature connected with the popular long-distance handicap was the rapid advance in the market of King John. His "stock," as they would say on 'Change, began booming immediately after his good gallop with White Heat and Helion, on the strength of which those associated with his stable began to put their money down in real earnest. The result was that King John quickly dispossessed Golden Melody of favouritism, and looks like holding that place.

Golden Melody

In spite of all this furore for King John I am not disposed to desert Golden Melody, for whose chances of success I have had some good words to say in earlier issues. The advance of the Newmarket horse into favouritism does not make Golden Melody's chance any the worse. Mr. Gilpin makes few mistakes, and nobody knows better than he what a horse has to do in the Cesarewitch. I expect his trainer has him appreciably fitter now, and we must be prepared to see him run well. Mr. James White and his trainer expect Gay Lord to win, but their confidence is not so overwhelming that they will allow him to run unaccompanied by his stable companion, Ivanhoe. The truth is the latter is a better horse on the racecourse than he is at home, so there is just a doubt whether Gay Lord will beat him at Newmarket as he has done at Foxhill. Pat Hartigan is hopeful of Unitoi's success; the colt was heavily backed at Newbury, and is expected to make amends for his disappointment there. For my own part, I stick to **Golden Melody** as the best handicapped horse in the entry, and I am taking St. Eloi as a long-priced one who may run well.

The Middle Park Plate

I am writing before the Kempton Park meeting, where Tetratema has an important engagement, but in any case the brilliant grey is likely to take his place on Friday in the field for the Middle Park Plate, which is regarded as the premier two-year-old race of the season. Other smart youngsters who can compete are Southern, Archaic, He Goes, and Dynamo. I do not expect to see Tetratema beaten this season. **Bright Folly,** too, will probably keep her unbeaten record if she contests the Cheveley Park Stakes on Wednesday, and on the following day **Orpheus** looks like adding to his successes in the Prendergast Stakes. It promises to be an exceedingly interesting meeting at headquarters, and we shall enjoy it all the more after the lamentable fiasco which occurred there a fortnight ago.

WISHING

that they, too, could step straight into that cosy car and whirl away home without waiting is the experience of many would-be owners of the "Austin Twenty" to-day. And this is only one of many occasions when the desirability of Austin ownership is forced home.

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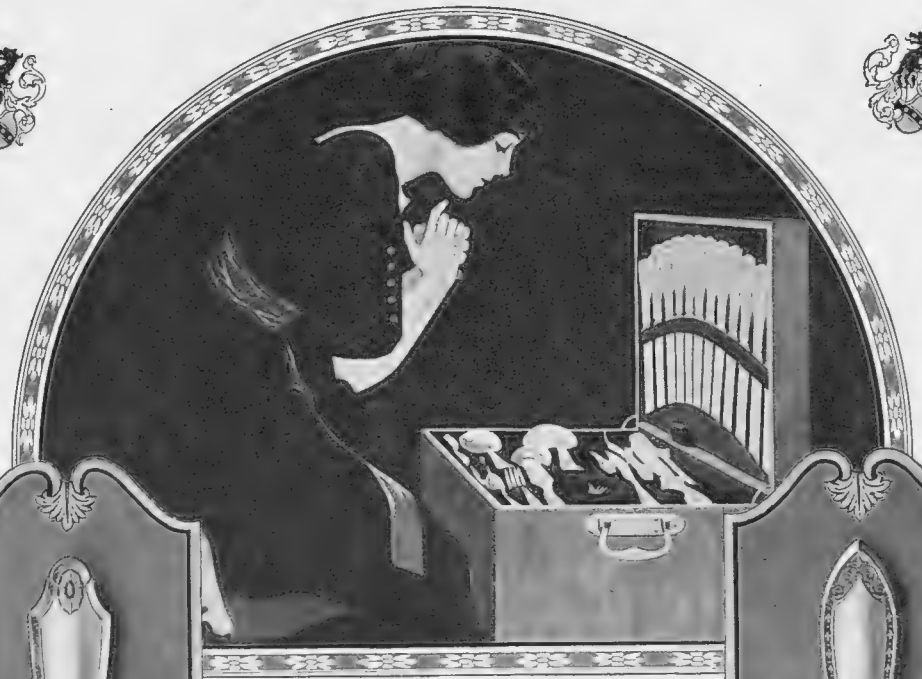

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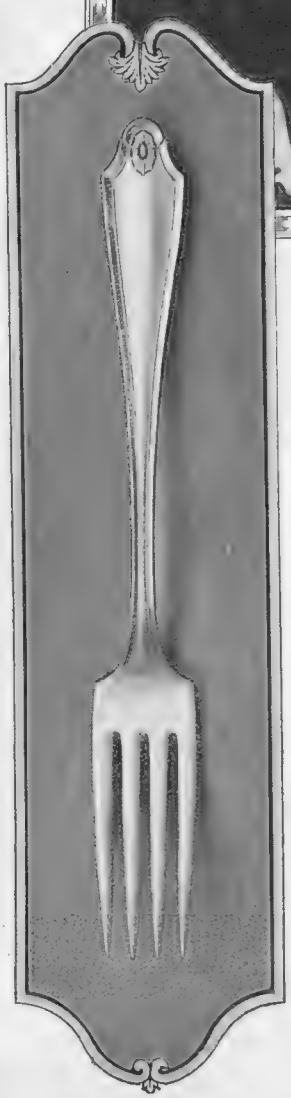
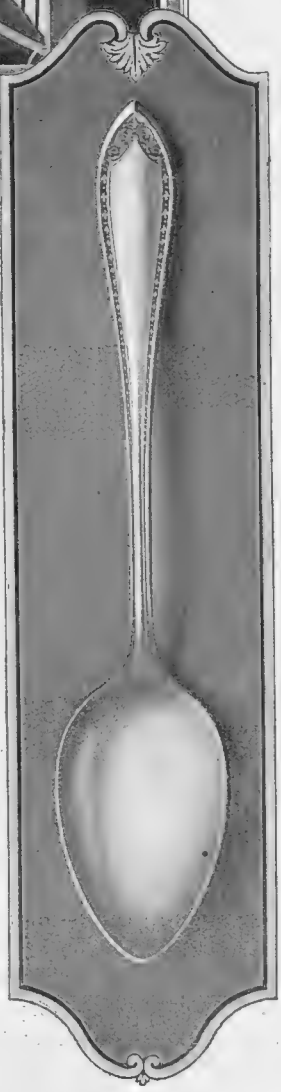


HEPPLEWHITE



SHERATON

A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

It is comforting to know that among the very few Europeans who kept their heads during the War is to be numbered Mr. Bernard Shaw. The authority for this statement is Mr. Shaw himself. You will find it in the customary preface to his latest collection of plays, *Heartbreak House, Great Catherine and Playlets of the War* (Constable: 7s. 6d. net). The preface, of course, is vastly amusing, and if the world were filled with the people whom Mr. Shaw believes it to be filled with, all he says might be beautifully true. Whereas, of course, as everybody knows, if there is one man miraculously innocent and unbelievably unlearned in the ways of women and men it is Mr. Bernard Shaw.

❋ ❋

The play, however, is supposed to be the thing, so let us turn to *Heartbreak House*, which as yet remains unperformed. Serious drama, Mr. Shaw tells us, has received a nasty set-back by the War, which suggests that *Heartbreak House*, with its tomfool atmosphere and its household of neurotics, is to be considered as coming in that category. It is dubbed "a fantasia in the Russian manner on English themes," and apparently symbolises a pre-war Europe. Symbolism, as any psycho-analyst could tell you, can be a queer enough thing, so we may agree to believe that Mr. Shaw is right in this matter. This, however, does not succeed in making the play very good reading. But that, of course, is hardly his fault. Unquestionably it is ours. On the other hand, *Great Catherine* is a jolly enough farce, which Strindberg might have written during an attack of indigestion. It is curious, by the way, how persistent Mr. Shaw is in his attacks upon male man. He refuses to allow him to be a man at all. His male creatures are entirely and at all times at the mercy of any Amazon who happens along. I dare say that Catherine, who was always trying so hard to be really Russian, might have found some sort of pleasure in trussing up an Englishman for the mere fun of the thing, but is Mr. Shaw really so hard up for an idea? There is always the flat with a superfluity of doors if he wants this kind of thing. The truth is, Mr. Shaw is too much of a Tory, the Liberal's idea, I mean, of a Tory.

Photograph *Reville's Studios*

MISS DORA GIBSON

The popular dramatic soprano who gave her first recital since her return from the United States at the Æolian Hall on October 14th

❋ ❋

There is another "fantasia in the Russian manner on English themes" just published. This is Mr. Gilbert Cannan's new novel, *Time and Eternity* (Chapman and Hall: 7s. net), a strange piece of work not very easy to describe. I am afraid that Mr. Cannan is falling into Mr. Shaw's error of supposing that the people of England are the nastiest of folk and the biggest hypocrites under the sun. But, really, they are not much worse than anybody else. (And you can avoid the really "respectable" people very easily indeed.) His pen lashes out in no uncertain way, and at times considerably annoys you. Yet apart from this little point there is extraordinary power in this rather unplaceable work. Mr. Cannan takes three people who find themselves exiled in London—in a queer tiny corner of London, I should say—during the War. There is a Russian Jew, Mr. Perekatov, who dreams dreams and naturally does not like Russia at all. There is Stephen Laurie, who apparently knows a great deal and does very little. A Scot, by the way, and there is Valerie du Toit, a Boer girl of wealth, who has, so far as I can see, come to London for no other purpose than to allow some of its scum to make use of her money. Stephen and Valerie fall in love in the Cannanical manner and keep house together, a matter which is not in the least to the liking of one Howard Ducie, a hot-blooded soldier. In fact, Ducie murders the girl and commits suicide—in the usual Russian way.

❋ ❋

I seem to be talking flippantly of a serious piece of work, but the temptation to do so is strong. Very careful thought has been given to this book, but it is regrettable that the protagonists should be so very aloof from most of common humanity. That they are all intensely un-English seems to have endeared them not a little to their author, but you cannot help feeling that unless a neurosis of some sort is hovering about, Mr. Cannan finds character hardly worth the describing. Here, no doubt, you think of that increasing "Russian influence," which seems to be attacking other institutions over here than those merely literary. Which is a pity. *Time and Eternity* is an uncomfortable book, pitched at an unpopular key, a little masterpiece, perhaps, of its particular kind, for there is no doubt whatever of Mr. Cannan's great powers, but a book of a corner, too definitely of a corner, to take a high place in our affection.

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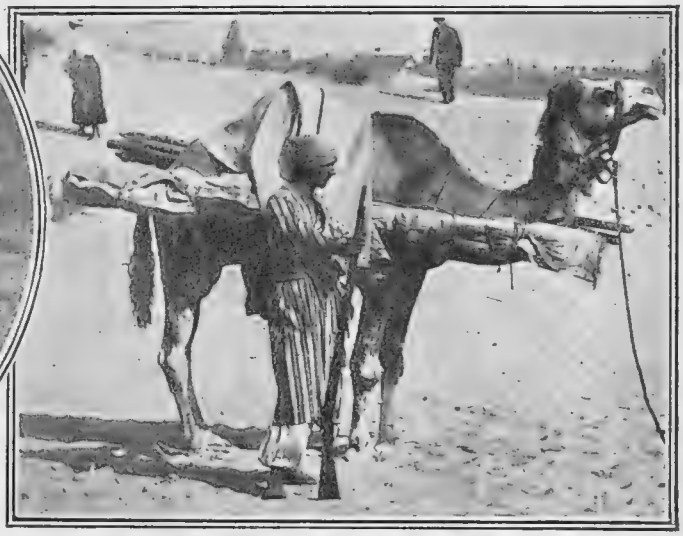
A "Desert" Ready-Made—

—AND NOT THREE HUNDRED MILES FROM LONDON TOWN

CAMELS ON TREK IN THE "DESERT"

MISS MADGE TITHERADGE
Who takes a leading part in this "Eastern" production



ONE OF THE CAMELS USED IN THE FILM
Unfortunately the background rather gives the show away

MULES CROSSING THE "DESERT"

Film producers, faced with the problem of screening a play of which the *mise en scène* is in the deserts of North Africa, do not always have to go to the expense of taking the cast to Egypt. For instance, the plot of the film from which these pictures are taken is laid in desert country and the Samuelson Film Company, whose production it is, found a very convenient desert all ready-made for them in the sand-hills at Birkdale, near Southport. But thousands of people who see these pictures in "The Husband Hunter" on the screen will scarcely realise it!

Pussyfutilities in Thule

BY THE BYSTANDER ON THE CONTINENT

All Northern Europe, except blithe Bolshevia, is deep in a stern reaction against the Pussyfutilities of Prohibition, against the ultra-enlightened anti-legal lawmaking which forbids a man to swill honest beer, and encourages him to sop up to the stage of bright-green-snakiness methylated spirits, ether, furniture-polish, and those delectable concoctions, "Glide-Flight" and "Thunder," described in a recent Norwegian Bystander despatch. Yes. The Whisky-Brandy-Cognac-Champagne-Bass-and-Chartreuse Age of Human Culture is returning; and, alas, as reaction always equals action in strength, the cause of Temperance will be fifty-fold worse than it was before Pussyfutility descended on a moderately drunken world.

One is convinced of this by pending important events. Norway is preparing a referendum to decide whether Premier Knudsen's temporary Prohibition shall be permanent or not. When this issue was fought at the October Election, Knudsen was badly beaten; and he will be beaten again. In Sweden, the Government has just forbidden the sale of motor-spirit, because too many Swedes tipple that, and the chief of Swedish Prohibitionists laments that "our cause is undoubtedly under a cloud." In Denmark, the Pro-cause is dead; in Finland, plans are under way to rescind the Prohibition which was enforced on the 1st June last; and in icy and vicey but neither spicy nor nicey Iceland—a Bill is before the Allthing forbidding import of hair-water and French perfumes!

This Bill is an epitome of Pussyfutility's history in Northern climes. If you're forbidden to drink honestly, drink dishonestly; if you're forbidden to drink sound drinks, drink poisons—that's how it is in a line. *Lönnbränning!*—the illicit still—is the word that to-day first catches the eye in any Northern newspaper. And after that one usually meets the headline "Vast Increase of Drink Offences under Prohibition." It's so in the two chief Prohibition countries, Norway and Finland. If any British Pussyfool doubts that, I invite him to consult the respectable Christiania *Tidens Tegn* of the 30th July, where he'll find nearly a whole page full of pictures of seized illicit stills, and of expositions of their use by Police Inspector Rönneberg.

WORLDLY WISDOM

"What, Willie! Gambling with marbles! Do you know what God does to bad little boys?"

"I know what he did to that other bad little boy. He gave him all my marbles!"

And let the unreasonable British Pussyfool read the Inspector's report about "brandy doctors." The Prohibition law authorises sale of spirits for medical purposes on doctor's prescription. "In 1913-14," says the inspector, "8000 litres of brandy were sold for medical use; in 1917-18—after Prohibition—568,000 litres were sold." Prohibition, that means, ruined either Norway's health or Norway's doctors' morals. Or read the *Morgenblad*: in the first quarter of 1918, it says, were 4990 drink offences; in the same time in 1919, under absolute Prohibition, were 7455. "And April is worse."

In Sweden when, owing to lack of grain for distilling, the sale of brandy under the Bratt system was sharply limited, drink offences increased; now, since the sale has been reasonably restored, drink offences have fallen. But fenny Finland is the master example. The chief Helsingfors newspaper *Hufvudstadsblad* has every day the news that "yesterday the police in Eura destroyed no less than three private stills," "the clerk Bergson yesterday died from drinking a poisonous surrogate."

But bad as Prohibition was for fenny Finland's morals, it proved fifty-fold worse for her sensitive pockets. It produced such a collapse of trade that even the Prohibition parties talk of amending the law. Finland long ago lost her chief export market, Russia. When peace was signed, she needed a new export market. But then came the plan to enact complete Prohibition, and immediately France and Italy, angry at loss of a wine market, declared their market for Finnish goods closed. What was the result? Finland was flooded with foreign wares; and could sell nothing. No country ever had such a bad trade balance. Here it is in marks:

	Imports.	Exports.
Jan. ..	69,500,000	12,900,000
Feb. ..	72,200,000	14,400,000
March..	122,700,000	7,400,000
April ..	165,000,000	14,800,000
May ..	201,500,000	19,700,000
Totals	631,000,000	69,200,000

And what was the fruit of this trade disparity? The Finnish mark, which in peace time sold in Helsingfors at 25 marks, equal £1 sterling, was at the end of July quoted at 77 marks, equal £1 sterling, so that every Finn had to pay for the foreign foodstuffs, which he very badly needed, three times as much as he paid in the piping, and drinking, times of peace.

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A MAN WITH A HOPE!

The champion cyclist, Poulain, attempting to win the Peugeot Prize of 10,000 francs for a flight of ten metres in a bicycle-aeroplane. He was unsuccessful

MOTORING & AVIATION

With the Olympia Motor Show so near at hand it seems a pity that the general production of cars is so far away, as I do not know a single firm, excepting, perhaps, Crossleys and Vauxhall, who were making their vehicles right through the War, whose programme is not at least five months behindhand. All but a few motorists cannot hope to get delivery until well into the spring of next year of any car they may choose to purchase, and I do not believe that many firms have yet completed their own private testing on the road of the models they hope to stage at this exhibition. I expect it will be full of surprises, as the amalgamation of Darracq and Clement-Talbot sets me thinking that perhaps we shall yet see groups of factories banded together to produce 10 h.p., 15 h.p., 25 h.p., and 40 h.p. cars of standard design, instead of the variety of sizes and makes promised, and as yet only promised, to the public.

***

As for the aviation end of the business, every day brings me news from the factories of sacking more hands and closing more shops, or only partially working in them. I tried to get information lately as to how many private persons would give orders for aeroplanes for their own use in this country. Nobody whom I asked wanted to commit himself to any definite statement, but when I weighed up all the various answers from the different personalities questioned, I formed the conclusion that there were not a hundred probable purchasers of air-motors in Great Britain who would use them, either for sport or touring, as they do their cars to-day. Now aviation is going on, and has to be fostered for all it's worth, so that flying clubs must be started in as many districts as possible, subsidised by either wealthy philanthropists, County Councils, or Corporations, besides the subscriptions from the members, and the sooner we all help to get these going the better, as it is only the sporting side of our characters that is going to pull a desirable commercial industry out of a terrible lot of trouble. So up and be doing, all of you who can.

THE STRIKE BREAKER

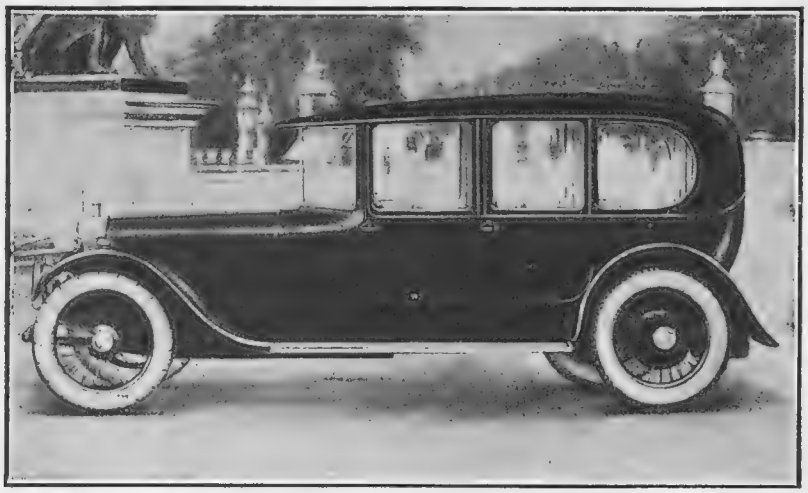
By J. H. Craigen

But to return to Olympia and the cars that will be seen there. The new six-cylinder Napier chassis will take a lot of beating in its own class, as it is a proper "top notch." In the first place, it is a pukka 1920 car, and not built up of what was left in the stores in 1914. Everything has been designed and manufactured of the best, so that those who have £1,750 to spend on the chassis will get their money's worth. As for the 40-50 h.p. (nominal) monobloc engine, it develops 90 h.p. from its six aluminium cylinders with their steel liners, and, though so powerful, is 200 lbs. lighter than the pre-war Napier motor. The total weight of the chassis is 25 cwt., so that the practice Napiers have had during the War building Lion Napier aero engines has been applied in their latest road carriage. Reduced weight means a reduced running cost bill, and the lines of the chassis frame permit high-class, yet light, bodies to be fitted on it. But the full technical details should be seen, and, as I have no doubt this stand will attract a big crowd, all I can wish those interested in the best cars to buy is that they may get near enough to this one to inspect its many interesting good points.

***

So at last, after much blowing of trumpets, the Rapson tyre has begun its test of 10,000 miles under the observation of the officials of the Royal Automobile Club. This form of cushion tyre is but a revival of early wheel coverings, but the years that have rolled by have increased our knowledge of what happens when the wheels go round, so that I feel quite sure this trial will result in a testimonial in the form of a report that will please Messrs. Oylers', who make

it; in fact, I know of several new forms of pneumatic cushion tyres that will possibly be offered to motorists, whether the Rapson is successful or not. Each claims to be the best, but my remark to one and all these novelties—if you can call them by that name—is, there is always room at the top. There is just one thing, that the huge demand for vehicles for business purposes makes a non-puncturable tyre a good selling point. During the railway strike tyre punctures were the greatest source of trouble to those in haste carrying goods, and many firms have been seriously considering whether they will buy in future motor vehicles that can be fitted with solid tyres if they cannot get unpuncturable ones. In regard to the latter, all I know of the Rapson one is that the send-off luncheon at the R.A.C. was excellent. Astrologers and other soothsayers, please note.



A 40-50 H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER CHASSIS

Fitted with a Cunard Royal Saloon body

* * *

WHENEVER a few people gather together there is always a chance—I might say a certainty—of a discussion arising on one topic or another, but, bar politics, it is almost certain to be on motors nowadays. Lately someone started a chow on detachable rims, owing to some writing-fellow suggesting that they slow up a car when fitted. I know which I should prefer, slow up or not, and I think every sensible motorist is my way of thinking, too.

* * *

ANYWAY, from the mechanical side of the theory, no detachable rim that is not capable of being as rigid when fitted as a solid wheel would last any time at all, which disposes of the slow theory to my mind very quickly. All the rims of this description that have found any sort of a market at all unless they are exceptionally heavy, should have no effect as regards speed. Their proper function is to save your back from aching, and when not rusted up they do it. That is the only fault that has worried me on the road with 'em, and now all I fit to my old 'bus get galvanised first to "make sic siccer," so I give this tip hastily lest the price goes up.

OLD HY.

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THE STRIKE BREAKER

By J. H. Craigen

But to return to Olympia and the cars that will be seen there. The new six-cylinder Napier chassis will take a lot of beating in its own class, as it is a proper "top notch." In the first place, it is a pukka 1920 car, and not built up of what was left in the stores in 1914. Everything has been designed and manufactured of the best, so that those who have £1,750 to spend on the chassis will get their money's worth. As for the 40-50 h.p. (nominal) monobloc engine, it develops 90 h.p. from its six aluminium cylinders with their steel liners, and, though so powerful, is 200 lbs. lighter than the pre-war Napier motor. The total weight of the chassis is 25 cwt., so that the practice Napiers have had during the War building Lion Napier aero engines has been applied in their latest road carriage. Reduced weight means a reduced running cost bill, and the lines of the chassis frame permit high-class, yet light, bodies to be fitted on it. But the full technical details should be seen, and, as I have no doubt this stand will attract a big crowd, all I can wish those interested in the best cars to buy is that they may get near enough to this one to inspect its many interesting good points.

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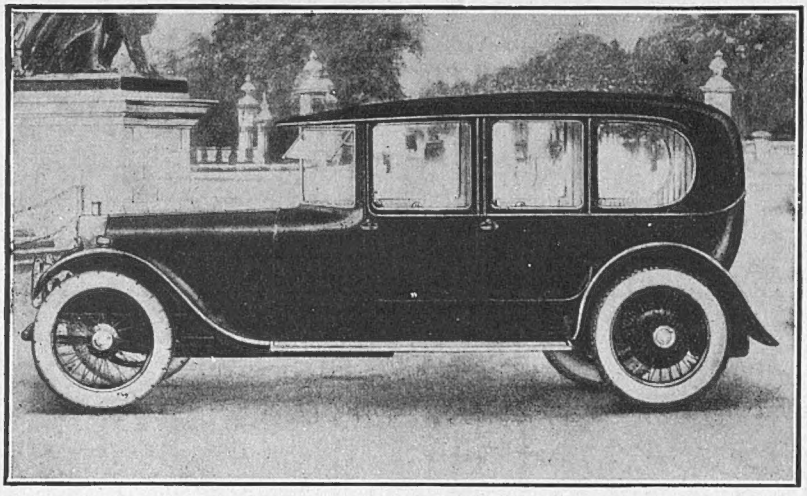
So at last, after much blowing of trumpets, the Rapson tyre has begun its test of 10,000 miles under the observation of the officials of the Royal Automobile Club. This form of cushion tyre is but a revival of early wheel coverings, but the years that have rolled by have increased our knowledge of what happens when the wheels go round, so that I feel quite sure this trial will result in a testimonial in the form of a report that will please Messrs. Oylers', who make

MOTORING AND AVIATION (concluded)

it; in fact, I know of several new forms of pneumatic cushion tyres that will possibly be offered to motorists, whether the Rapson is successful or not. Each claims to be the best, but my remark to one and all these novelties—if you can call them by that name—is, there is always room at the top. There is just one thing, that the huge demand for vehicles for business purposes makes a non-puncturable tyre a good selling point. During the railway strike tyre punctures were the greatest source of trouble to those in haste carrying goods, and many firms have been seriously considering whether they will buy in future motor vehicles that can be fitted with solid tyres if they cannot get unpuncturable ones. In regard to the latter, all I know of the Rapson one is that the send-off luncheon at the R.A.C. was excellent. Astrologers and other soothsayers, please note.



A 40-50 H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER CHASSIS
Fitted with a Cunard Royal Saloon body

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WHENEVER a few people gather together there is always a chance—I might say a certainty—of a discussion arising on one topic or another, but, bar politics, it is almost certain to be on motors nowadays. Lately someone started a chow on detachable rims, owing to some writing-fellow suggesting that they slow up a car when fitted. I know which I should prefer, slow up or not, and I think every sensible motorist is my way of thinking, too.

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ANYWAY, from the mechanical side of the theory, no detachable rim that is not capable of being as rigid when fitted as a solid wheel would last any time at all, which disposes of the slow theory to my mind very quickly. All the rims of this description that have found any sort of a market at all unless they are exceptionally heavy, should have no effect as regards speed. Their proper function is to save your back from aching, and when not rusted up they do it. That is the only fault that has worried me on the road with 'em, and now all I fit to my old 'bus get galvanised first to "make sic siccer," so I give this tip hastily lest the price goes up.

OLD HY.

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